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"EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN, BUT BEFORE GOING WITH US, YOU MUST TAKE OFF YOUR BREASTPLATE."

FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(Translated especially for the FAVORITE from the French of Paul Duplessis.)

CHAPTER VIII.

KINDNESS IS NEVER WASTED.

Captain de Maurevert, whose prolonged absence had been the cause of deep uneasiness to Raoul, had met with many adventures since his departure from Tave. It is only doing him justice to state that in setting forth he was not ignorant of the serious dangers to which he was exposing himself. At every step he expected to see the hungry and sanguinary pack of the marquis dart out upon him from some ambush; and at the prospect of this unequal combat he was very little inclined to smile, in spite of his real and unquestionable bravery.

"I know," he said to himself, as he set spurs to his horse, "I am committing an act of imprudence unpardonable at my age. If I had listened to the voice of my reason, I should at this very moment have been the intimate friend and confidant of the Marquis de la Tremblais. Bah! the least one can do is, at some time or other, to allow one's self to perform an act of kindness, and it has not happened so often in my life that I need worry myself about in the present case. This Chevalier Raoul singularly pleases me, and I should be greatly vexed if any harm came to him. After all, supposing I should get myself stabbed or shot with an arquebuse—which is not yet certain—I shall only be paying a debt; for has not Raoul spared my life?"

Talking to himself in this fashion, the captain passed on for a distance of four leagues without hindrance; his confidence was beginning to revive.

"Good!" he said, "it is hardly to be supposed the apostles will now attempt to surprise me on the road; the rascals would not dare to venture so near the Château de Tournoll. What abominable roads! Come, my poor beast—courage! In an hour we shall be at our journey's end."

The captain was murmuring these fragments of speeches when a ringing "Who goes there?" pronounced thirty paces from him, startled him from his reveries. He pulled up his horse instantly seized his arquebuse, and called out in a loud voice:

"I am a captain in the service of his Majesty, and a friend of Monseigneur de Guise."

From behind a large mass of rock which divided the road in two, or, to be more exact, the path which De Maurevert was following, sprang a dozen men, armed with cross-bows, arquebuses and pikes. A glance sufficed the adventurer to estimate the quality of his adversaries.

"You are very venturesome and very imprudent, I think, to dare to stop a gentleman," he said, haughtily. "By the devil's claws, if I were not to-day in a particularly gay humor, I would cut to pieces the whole of you, from first to last. Stand out of the way, and let me pass."

This bold language made but very little impression on the armed men. One of them—their leader no doubt—advanced towards De Maurevert, and saluted him ironically:

"Monseigneur," he said, "from the moment you entered the service of his Majesty and became the friend of the Guises you may consider yourself a lost man. We belong to the reformed religion, and it is our custom never to accord either mercy or pity to any supporters of the Pope whom heaven may throw in our way. Don't put us out of temper, for this will not be of any service to you; and all resistance will be useless. Come! Dismount!"

"Death and furies!" cried De Maurevert, "I scent carnage in the air. Back, lout, or the ball of my arquebuse shall lay you dead on the road."

The leader of the armed band remained quite unmoved by this threat.

"My good gentleman," he said, quietly, "do not disturb the urbanity of our character; instead of hanging you, as we intended, the idea may come into our minds of either breaking you upon the wheel, or burning you at a slow fire."

De Maurevert hesitated; suddenly he plunged his spurs into his horse's flanks, and sprang upon his interlocutor, seized him by the top of his cuirass, lifted him from the ground as easily as if he had been an infant, and hung him across the saddle, his head hanging down on one side, his feet on the other. Then addressing his adversaries, whom this exhibition of audacity and strength had struck with a sort of superstitious terror, he cried:

"Learn to pay proper respect to a nobleman, blackguards!—form your ranks, and attend me as an escort. I am on my way to your paltry stronghold of Tournoll."

The bandits tacitly obeyed, and De Maurevert continued:

"My friend," he said, addressing his prisoner, "if you attempt to stab my horse, I will send my dagger through your back. You wish me to allow you to dismount? Do not think of such a thing. I allow that your position is neither graceful nor comfortable, but I intend to show your master how little reliance he can place on such a servant as you."

At the end of an hour's march, De Maurevert

preceded by the troop of bandits, dismounted in the courtyard of the Château de Tournol.

It need hardly be said that the entrance of the captain, still retaining his prisoner, produced a strange astonishment in those who witnessed it.

"Hullo!" cried De Maurevert, raising his voice, "some of you go and bring the Seigneur de Tournol to me."

At these words a short thick-set man, with matted red hair, a mouth that seemed to open from ear to ear, sharp and intelligent eyes, and an abrupt and somewhat rolling gait, separated himself from a group of soldiers, and advanced towards the captain.

"What do you want with the Seigneur de Tournol?" he demanded.

"The punishment of this cowardly member of his band now hanging like a sack of flour across my saddle-bow. I have too high an esteem for the character of the Seigneur de Tournol, and take too strong an interest in his glory, not to inform him of the cowardice of one of his servants; for cowards are commonly traitors."

"Explain yourself," said the red-haired man; "I do not understand you."

In a very few words the captain related what had occurred.

"The Seigneur de Tournol thanks you, both for the good opinion you have of him personally, and for the service you have rendered him," replied the man with the red hair. "Justice shall be done to this coward."

"You express yourself with remarkable assurance for a simple soldier, friend," remarked De Maurevert, closely examining his interlocutor. "Are you, by chance, the Seigneur de Tournol himself?"

"Possibly. And you?—who are you, and what motive brings you here?"

Instead of answering, De Maurevert burst into a roar of laughter.

"By Vulcan's nightcap, this is a good joke!" he cried—"a most amusing meeting! What, Seigneur Tournol, you do not remember me? Death! that would be to have neither memory nor gratitude. Have you forgotten the capture and sack of the Catholic town of Issoire, in 1575, by the brave Huguenot, Captain Merle?"

"I remember the circumstances. What then?"

"Well—I was at that period serving as second under the orders of Captain Merle; my soldiers were about to put a hempen cord about your neck, when I arrived in time to save you."

"In that case you are the Huguenot De Maurevert?"

"I am De Maurevert; but I have ceased to belong to the pretended reformed religion. Grace has descended on me—I have seen the error of my ways—I confess and attend mass; I am cited among Catholics as one of the most fervent! But you, Seigneur de Tournol, six years ago, at the sacking of Issoire, were as Catholic and as Roman as it was possible to be?"

"Is it not always time to repent, and return to the right path?"

"My conversion is a proof."

"My abjuration is another."

The two adventurers looked at each other, smilingly; each appreciated the other at his true value, and did full justice to his moral and religious pretensions.

"Captain de Maurevert," the bandit leader went on after a short silence—"and I say captain because I am sure you possess too much intelligence—having changed your religion—not to have advanced a step in rank; Captain de Maurevert, will you take the trouble to follow me? We shall talk more at our ease at table over a bottle of wine and between four walls than in this courtyard, open to all comers. If I am not mistaken, your presence at Tournol indicates that you have some grave matter you want to talk to me about."

"You are not mistaken."

A few minutes later the Seigneur de Tournol and De Maurevert were seated before a table covered with bottles, in one of the apartments in the château. It was the bandit who led the conversation.

"My dear captain," he said, "you just now addressed to me an unmerited reproach, which—I will not conceal from you—touched me to the heart. You accused me of ingratitude; but I have not forgotten anything of the service you rendered me, my dear captain, nor the price which you made me pay for it. You imposed on me a ransom of two hundred crowns! Now, I hold ingratitude in abhorrence, and therefore I frankly assure you, before entering on the business which brings you here, I cannot suffer you to leave the Château de Tournol until you have paid me four hundred crowns."

"Double your own ransom!"

"Exactly; but if you remember, when you taxed me I was only a simple cornet—you are a captain. Besides, there is the interest to be thought of. It is six years since the capture of Issoire; in times of insecurity like these, six years' interest represents at least the double of the original sum. Money's very dear just now; it is useless, therefore, Captain de Maurevert, to haggle over the arrangement. If, as is very probable, you have heard speak of me, you must know that I never alter from a decision I have once taken. Now let us talk about the business that has brought you here, and given me the pleasure of this visit."

From the bandit's manner of expressing himself De Maurevert saw that it would be useless attempting to change his resolution.

"Poor Chevalier Sforzi," he thought; "while you are rejoicing in the idea of my support, here am I a prisoner, and reduced to powerlessness. I know I shall get the four hundred crowns

the end, but too late to be able to fly to your assistance."

CHAPTER IX.

AN EMBARRASSING POSITION.

Thanks to his adventurous life, De Maurevert possessed a great fund of philosophy; no one knew better than he how to submit to necessity; therefore he accepted frankly, and without discussion, the disagreeable position in which he found himself.

"Captain Croixmore," he said—"for such, if my memory does not betray me, is your name,—I find, on reflexion, I owe you my sincere thanks for the high price at which you have taxed me; it proves to me that you hold me in more than ordinary esteem."

"If I had measured the sum of your ransom accordance with your merits, captain, it would have equalled the riches of a king."

"Ah, Seigneur de Tournol, you overwhelm me! Greatness, I see, has not changed you; you retain all your old amenity and refinement of gallantry! Be sure that if ever the chances of war should throw you into my hands, I will repay with interest the kind attentions you shower upon me at this moment."

"I do not in the least doubt it, captain. Will it please you now to explain the motive which has brought you to the Château de Tournol?"

"Before entering into the heart of the question, allow me, seigneur, to submit to you certain considerations, very weighty, and well worthy of your attention."

"Nothing hurries us, captain; therefore, pray explain yourself at any length you desire. I well know how methodical you are in business, and listen to you with all interest and attention."

"My dear Croixmore, you have, for two years, steered your bark with incontestable ability; success has so constantly crowned your exertions that you have come to believe yourself safe from all danger; but according to my notion, nothing is more fragile and insecure than your position. A loose stone on your road will suffice to make you stumble and throw you into the abyss. My frankness does not displease you, I hope?"

"Ah, captain! how can you imagine such a thing?"

"I do you an injustice, I see! Yes, you have a soul too highly placed to fear the truth! I continue. Your strength, I will not conceal it from you, rests entirely upon the support given you by the Huguenot party. Let but your Protestants desert you to-morrow and your power disappears. People envious of your glory—and they are many in the camps—would then cry 'infamy—brigandage!' They would without shame, accuse you of intercepting the roads, robbing travellers, imposing black mail on towns—in fact, a whole crowd of misdeeds! There would rise up against you a furious clamor, a general league. You would be overwhelmed by the torrent, carried away by the avalanche. Now the idea that your co-religionists misunderstand the services you have rendered them is neither so imaginary as you may suppose. I have just been through Auvergne, and I will not hide from you that, on all sides, in the castles as well as in the cottages, you are spoken of with an irritation and bitterness that bodes ill."

"What would you have me do, captain? Strong in the purity of my intentions, I despise these fools, who repay my generous devotion by such black ingratitude; and if they carry their perversity to the extent of coming here to rouse me in my humble retreat, I will, God willing, receive them in such a fashion that they will not soon think of repeating their visit."

"Seigneur de Croixmore," said De Maurevert, severely, "I may say without boasting that I have more sins on my conscience than I have hairs on my head. It is not for me, therefore, to be severe on the shortcomings of another man. There is one crime, however, which will always find me inexorable and pitiless, and that is sacrilege. You will infinitely oblige me by not mixing up the name of God with our conversation. This point settled once for all, I proceed with what I was saying. I admit that you have a strong garrison at your disposal, a conveniently fortified castle, and that you are not without military talent; but you forget that if the league with which you are threatened should actually be formed, you will have to make head against the whole nobility of the province, including the Marquis de Canillac, his Majesty's governor of Auvergne. Now I ask you whether it would be possible for you to withstand such an attack? No; a hundred, a thousand times no! Your castle of Tournol would be taken in the turn of a hand, and you—for your nobility would be disputed—you would be hung as quickly as a gallow could be contrived for you! Well, now, Seigneur de Tournol, it is from this not very entertaining prospect I wish to save you."

The leader of the bandits of Tournol remained for a moment silent; he was evidently reflecting on what De Maurevert had said to him.

"Captain," he answered at length, "it appears to me that you greatly exaggerate the dangers that threaten me. To please you, however, I will admit them to be such as you have painted them; but what does it matter to you whether I am hanged or not? Whence comes the great and sudden interest you now manifest for me? I never before suspected you of being so powerfully actuated by motives of friendship."

De Maurevert did not fail to recognize the irony of this remark.

"My dear Croixmore," he replied, "it is a matter wholly indifferent to me whether you are stabbed, hung, broken on the wheel, quartered, burned alive, or buried living. Be quite sure I should not take the least concern in your welfare if my own were not bound up with it."

"That puts a new face on the whole question, captain; for the moment you serve me with the idea of profit to yourself, I have faith in you. Go on, I beg."

"I say, then, that you are seriously threatened with the halter; but there remains one means of turning the storm aside—one chance of safety."

"Show me what it is."

"It is by opposing the league which is being formed against you by a league created by yourself. Listen to me attentively. My project is ingenious and bold. You are not ignorant, Croixmore, to what a degree of servitude and suffering the lower people are reduced. Mountaineers or inhabitants of the plain, alike crushed beneath the load of taxes imposed on them, dying of hunger—literally dying. These unfortunate creatures do not even own the blood of their blood, for their children even no longer belong to them. Heaven sends them a pretty daughter—a robust son: both are torn from them. The daughter passes to the stranger, the son is incorporated with the huntsmen of the lord of the soil. The common people are not so dull-headed as the noblesse show themselves to be. They reflect, think, act! Now, I know from a certain source that a combination, which has taken the name of the League of Equity, is at this moment being organized in several provinces, and more particularly in Auvergne."

"I know all that without your telling, captain."

"So much the better. It will spare me the trouble of entering into long explanations. This is now what remains for you to do: To call together the malcontents, and assure them that, touched by their grievances, sensible of their sufferings, you take their property and persons under your protection."

"Proceed, captain."

"That Catholics and Protestants shall be the same in your eyes, and receive an equal support from you."

"Better and better, captain! Pray go on!"

"That, wishing to give them entire confidence in the loyalty of your intervention, a striking guarantee of your good faith, you will lead them to attack the Château de la Tremblais, and aid them to destroy the stronghold of the most dreaded and abhorred noble in the province! Once at the head of a formidable party, my dear Croixmore, the nobles will inevitably have to make terms with you; and his Majesty, Henry III., delighted with you for having chastised his superb vassals in Auvergne, will not rest content with merely approving your conduct, but will reward you. I stand as well as possible with the king—almost intimate with him in fact—and will undertake the conduct of this negotiation. I shall be greatly surprised if his Majesty does not raise your Château de Tournol into a county, or a marquise! Ah! my dear Croixmore, what a charming prospect the future offers you, if you know how to profit by present circumstances. What a difference to the galleys, which, at this moment, bounds your horizon!"

De Maurevert paused and waited for the bandit's reply. For a moment the generally impassive features of the bandit leader underwent a noticeable change; a gleam of ferocity darted from his blue-grey eyes, while a wicked and cruel smile played about his heavy lips and exposed a double range of teeth like the fangs of a bull-dog.

To hide completely the storm that was raging within him, the Seigneur de Tournol kept silent for some time before replying; De Maurevert, occupied in draining a second glass of wine, observed nothing of his interlocutor's agitation.

"Captain," the latter said at length, "for a man who has seen so much of the world as you have, you are strangely wanting in craft and address. Perhaps, however, I may attribute to the poor opinion you have conceived of my intelligence the small amount of precaution you take in dealing with me. Now, having too great a contempt for one's enemy, one often runs the risk of defeat, and that is just what has happened to you."

"Why, what raven's song are you singing, my dear Croixmore?" cried De Maurevert, in astonishment. "May the devil fly away with me living if I understand a word of your song!"

The bandit shrugged his shoulders with an air of pity; then, no longer capable of restraining his anger, and keeping up an appearance of coolness, dashed his fist down upon the massive table before him with such force that half the bottles with which it was laden were sent smashing on to the floor.

"Tudieu!" cried De Maurevert, prinsling up, "it seems to me, Monsieur ex-Catholic, you are giving way to violence. Softly, I beg,—do not let us lose temper. Death! we are alone, and before you have time to call your vagabonds to your aid, nothing would prevent me, if I were so inclined, breaking you across my knee, or wringing your neck. Be calm, therefore,—and above all, polite. I hate ill-manners, Monsieur Croixmore."

De Maurevert's face announced so much determination, and his almost superhuman strength so entirely guaranteed the accomplishment of his threat, that the bandit, after a brief hesitation, resumed his seat without daring to engage in a struggle.

"So," remarked De Maurevert, "the little outbreak is subsiding. A glass of wine, my

dear friend, and it will pass completely away. It has done so already. Let us continue our interrupted conversation. In what have I tried to deceive you? Your conduct presents a mystery beyond my power to fathom it."

The bandit, conquered by the other's sang-froid, offered no opposition to the discussion.

"Captain," he cried, in a tone still moved by rage, "the cause of my indignation is perfectly natural. The sight of a spy rouses me to fury!"

"Touching conformity of feelings—that is exactly like me!" cried De Maurevert. "But where is the spy?"

"The spy is here, captain."

"Here?" repeated De Maurevert, looking round on all sides. "I see no one here besides ourselves."

"You are the spy, captain! Pray keep your seat and listen to me. Captain De Maurevert, you are sent here to me by the Marquis de la Tremblais! Do not interrupt me. I promise presently, if you persist in playing out the part you are acting, to listen to any justification you may attempt. Let me proceed. You know very well, captain, in coming to Tournol, that I am already at the head of the League of Equity, and that my intention is to attack the Château de la Tremblais. For the purpose of inspiring me with confidence, you have feigned to advise me to execute the project which I am already on the eve of executing. I repeat, then, De Maurevert, the trap was too coarsely baited. It would have been cleverer to have said to me, 'Sire de Croixmore, I am short of money, free of engagements, and desirous of occupying my leisure: do what you like with me.' In that case, perhaps, I might have trusted your words, and become the dupe of your artifice. But, no; you would go a roundabout way, and have missed your mark. How it happens that the Marquis de la Tremblais has become acquainted with my designs, I know not; I am not, however, without suspicions on this subject—certain suspicions which I shall very shortly verify. Captain, your position is detestable—the gibbet is waiting for you. A little frankness, then—for that alone can save you. Who is the traitor who has sold me to the marquis, and what are the Seigneur de la Tremblais' intentions?"

De Maurevert's stupefaction was such that for several seconds he was incapable of pronouncing a word. The bandit saw in this indecision a new evidence of his prisoner's culpability. At length the unfortunate captain recovered himself by a great effort, and began his justification.

"Death!" he exclaimed, "this is all a pleasant joke. The idea of hanging me as a spy of the Marquis de la Tremblais! I the spy of the marquis—of my deadly enemy! Why, the least exercise of common sense would make you understand, Croixmore, that if I had accepted such a mission I should have proceeded in a totally different manner. I am as completely innocent of the crime as I am at a loss to defend myself from the accusation of it. Oh, if I were guilty, I should not want for good reasons. I understand clearly that my advice, to put yourself at the head of the League of Equity and besiege the Château de la Tremblais, coincides, by some prodigious chance, with the same plan already formed by yourself; but may the devil swallow me if I see my way out of the entanglement into which I have innocently fallen. Whatever comes of it, do not forget, De Croixmore, that I am a king's officer, the friend of Messieurs de Guise, and that any injury done to my person will be severely punished."

An evil smile curled the lips of the bandit, as he replied:

"Oh, the king's power does not greatly awe me. As for you, Captain De Maurevert, taking into consideration the service you have rendered me, and the four hundred crowns you have to pay me, I will consent to—an idea strikes me. A meeting of the members of the League of Equity takes place in the mountains this evening, you shall accompany me. Perhaps among all those people there may be some one who can give me information as to your connection with the marquis. Good-bye, captain; when it is time to set out, I will send and let you know."

The leader of the bandits of Tournol saluted his prisoner, and left him without waiting for a reply. De Maurevert heard him fasten the massive oak door of the room with lock and bolt.

"Death!" he said to himself, "it is pretty clear that my association with Raoul so far has been of more cost than profit to me. Bah! it is no fault of my poor companion. Hang me—me! What an absurd notion! Before they could get possession of my person, I should massacre two-thirds of the garrison. Horrible idea!—if they should leave me to die of hunger!"

In the course of the two hours, during which he was left alone, the captain formed the most gigantic and extravagant projects; but he did not come to any definite resolution.

It was quite dark when he heard heavy steps, accompanied by the clank of iron, sound in the interior of the château. Soon afterwards the door of the room which served for his prison was opened, and the bandit Croixmore, with a dozen armed men in attendance on him, presented himself.

"Come, captain," he said, "the hour of the meeting is approaching. We must start."

De Maurevert was about to cross the threshold, when Croixmore stopped him by a gesture.

"Excuse me, captain, but before going with us, you must take off your breastplate."

"What for?"

"Because your cuirass would protect you from the daggers of the two men I have set to

guard you, with instructions to kill you on the spot if you should attempt to escape."

De Maurevert gave utterance to a sigh which sounded like the blast of a forge; but he obeyed.

CHAPTER X.

THE LEAGUE OF EQUITY.

The darkness of night enveloped the country, when De Maurevert, closely guarded, set off in company with the bandit Croixmore to the meeting-place of the League of Equity.

The place of meeting fixed was in a deep and narrow defile dividing a high and steep-sided mountain. A hundred peasants, hidden amid the hollows of the rocks, were talking among themselves while waiting the arrival of the Seigneur de Tournail.

"Friends," said a sturdy mountaineer—whom we have seen at the commencement of this history, holding forth at a little inn at Saint Pardoux—"my dear companions, it is certain that right is on our side; that is why I am opposed to placing our interests in the hands of the Seigneur de Tournail. To make the devil our pleader, when our cause is just, is to risk losing our action."

"You forget, Blaise," replied another mountaineer, "that we peasants know nothing of the science of war. What would become of us without an experienced leader? We should get ourselves cut to pieces!"

"Nothing of the sort," cried Blaise. "Has it not many times been seen that simple peasants have all at once become excellent captains? We can, after all, if we need it, choose for our leader some noble and honest seigneur."

"Where shall we find such a marvel, Blaise?"

The mountaineer reflected, then shook his head.

"There is no doubt it would be difficult," he said. "No matter. I maintain that to entrust our interests to the Sire de Tournail is to give our cause an evil reputation, and to expose ourselves to certain mortifications."

Maître Blaise was still speaking when a long and shrill whistle sounded amid the silence of night. It was the signal agreed on to announce the approach of the Seigneur de Tournail and his people. A confused hum of human voices, appearing to descend from the sky, came down the sides of the mountain; torches blazed on all sides; and a large number of the conspirators, until then unseen, became visible.

"Long live the Seigneur de Tournail!" roared Blaise, who, dreading lest his remarks, repeated to the bandit, might bring him into serious trouble at some later time, hastened to make himself conspicuous for his enthusiasm.

No one repeated the cry after him. In a little time the adventurer Croixmore appeared at the head of his escort.

After saluting the assemblage by a majestic gesture of his hand, the bandit dismounted, and directed his steps towards a kind of raised stand or tribune, constructed hastily with blocks of stone, in the middle of the defile. Eight mountaineers holding lighted torches placed themselves at the four angles, and Croixmore, raised above the crowd, his auditors, began his address.

"Dear and beloved companions," he said, "you have called on me in your distress; I have taken pity on you in your sufferings, and come to your assistance. I am ready to help you in your resistance of the tyranny of your seigneurs, and to conduct you to victory. Before joining ourselves in a close alliance, however, it is necessary that we, you and I, should clearly understand what the engagement is we are entering into. Here are the conditions on which my support will be given to you: In the first place, I require to exercise over all the societies of the League of Equity full and complete authority; whoever disobeys my orders shall be shot or hung—as I may decide on the spot—without any other form of judgment. Next, I demand, in case of the capture of a castle, two-thirds of the booty for my men at arms. I shall adjudge the value of the spoils with any one having the right to raise his voice. Further, I require, before commencing the campaign, the sum of four thousand crowns to be paid to me in good and current money. If—as I have no doubt they will—these conditions, so reasonable and moderate, shall be accepted by you, I will do my best to commence hostilities before the end of the week. Dear and well-beloved companions, I give you half an hour to reflect on my conditions, and to accept or decline them. Deliberate carefully!"

The conspirators received this beautiful address in silence. In putting his cupidity nakedly before them, the Seigneur de Tournail set the mountaineers thinking; they speedily asked themselves whether, instead of gaining an ally, they were not rather creating a new tyrant. Scattered in numerous groups, they were discussing warmly among themselves in low tones, when a second whistle was heard; all the torches were instantly extinguished, and every voice hushed.

Shortly a mountaineer, after answering the challenge of the sentinels keeping guard on all sides, penetrated the defile, and asked to be introduced to Croixmore.

"Seigneur," he said, "a hundred paces from here I have left a man, under good guard, who asks pressingly to see you. It is in vain I have told him that you are not here; he will not believe me, and threatens to drive a dagger through my body if I do not obey him."

"Do you know the man?"

"Do I know him, seigneur?" replied the

mountaineer, crossing himself in terror. "Oh, yes, I know him! His name is Benoist—he is the leader of the Marquis de la Tremblais's twelve apostles!"

Croixmore could not avoid making a movement of astonishment and uneasiness, but he decided instantly on the part he would take.

"Hollo, companions!" he cried; "let the torches be relit, and all of you join in a psalm. The visitor who is coming here must be led to believe that he has come amongst a party of Protestants engaged in prayer. As to you, friend," he continued, addressing the mountaineer who had announced the arrival of the Chief of the Apostles, "bring the Marquis de la Tremblais' executioner to me quickly."

At these orders of Croixmore's the torches blazed anew, and a formidable concert awoke the echoes of the defile.

"My dear friend," he said, turning to De Maurevert, "confess that the appearance of the apostle Benoist in this place at this hour strongly fortifies the suspicions with which your very questionable conduct had already inspired me. We shall see how you come off at this confrontation. I doubt whether it will be much to your honor."

"Croixmore," replied the captain, calmly, "I am amused to find you so long doubt my word. I reserve to myself, when once my ransom has been paid, and I have regained my liberty, to handle you roughly for the coarseness of your behavior to me. Not only is the apostle Benoist not my accomplice, but he is the most openly declared of my enemies!"

De Maurevert had hardly finished speaking ere the Chief of the Apostles presented himself before the Commander of Messieurs de Tournail. At sight of the giant, a smile of ferocious pleasure moved the apostle's features.

"Seigneur," he said, addressing Croixmore, "I desire to have a private and secret conversation with you, if it will please you to send away your men-at-arms for a moment."

"With pleasure, Benoist. Now that we are alone, explain yourself. But first, a question. Is it your master, the Marquis de la Tremblais, who has sent you to me, or have you come here on your own account?"

"I come in the name of my seigneur and master," replied Benoist, after a moment's hesitation; "it is in his name I speak. Seigneur de Croixmore," he went on, after a further slight pause, "monseigneur begs you to give him your assistance to do justice on a wretch who has dared to outrage him. My seigneur has, besides, instructed me to offer you two hundred crowns as the price of the service he asks of you."

"To what wretch do you refer?"

"To Captain de Maurevert, here present."

"Oh! Captain de Maurevert!—you are sure you have not mistaken the name?" inquired Croixmore, in a tone compounded of suspicion and irony.

"It is impossible to be more certain."

"And supposing I were to consent to mix myself up in this quarrel of your master with the captain, and that I take part with the marquis, what am I expected to do with Monsieur de Maurevert? To hand him over to you, no doubt."

"Not at all, seigneur; but to hang him to the nearest tree."

At the tone of sincerity with which Benoist returned this answer, the Seigneur de Tournail felt his suspicions vanishing. Still fearing, however, that the dealing of the Chief of the Apostles concealed some kind of snare, he demanded:

"How did you happen to learn that an open air service was to take place here this evening, and that I was to be present?"

"In the simplest way," replied Benoist. "Some of the spies I had sent out to keep watch on the doings of this De Maurevert came to tell me the road the captain had taken. I immediately followed in his steps, and traced him to your château, where your people furnished me with a guide to you, and thus I am here."

This explanation of the apostle was so plausible and natural as perfectly to convince Croixmore of his prisoner's innocence, and as to Benoist's ignorance on the subject of the meeting of the members of the League of Equity.

Turning towards De Maurevert, who was still attended by the two men instructed to keep guard over him at a little distance removed, he made a sign to them to rejoin him. The captain, though inwardly scandalized at the free-and-easy way in which the bandit treated him, at once obeyed the summons, being impatient to learn the result of the conference between the Seigneur de Tournail and Benoist.

"Captain," Croixmore said to him, at the same time indicating the Chief of the Apostles by a nod, "here is a faithful servant of the Marquis de la Tremblais come to offer me, on the part of his master, two hundred crowns, if I will be at the trouble of having you strung up on a gibbet!"

"Death and furies!" cried De Maurevert, purple with anger, "everybody to-day is giving the word to have me hanged! Blood and carnage! Have they suddenly learnt that madame, my mother, was guilty of a weakness, that they treat me in this peasant fashion? I warn you, Sire de Croixmore—and I beg you to remark in passing that I give you the title of sire out of pure courtesy, because you have otherwise no right to it—I warn you, that before you give me up to the gibbet, as you talk of doing, I shall hope to make a good and sturdy fight. I declare, moreover, Sire de Croixmore, that you are the dullest and most stupid ass that ever cropped grass on a meadow! To think of hanging me for two hundred crowns, when

my ransom will bring you four hundred! This act of mistaken prodigality amounts to insanity. As to you, lout," he continued, turning his fiery glance on Benoist, "I swear, on the faith of a gentleman, on my dagger and on my sword, that if heaven spares my life, I will take a terrible vengeance on you for your insolence, and that you shall not pass out of the world except by my hand! Now, Sire de Croixmore, do you still hold to your idea of the gallows—or am I to begin the battle? You have committed the double blunder of leaving me my sword and dagger, and of not having had me searched—for I wear under my buff coat an excellent suit of mail. Speak!—I feel in extremely good spirits, and ready for any extreme."

The apostle Benoist, whom the unsuccessful issue of his negotiation had caused to turn pale with rage, again addressed the leader of the bandits of Tournail:

"Seigneur," he said, "will it please you to finish our interview? I have not yet spoken to you of the most interesting of the two subjects which brought me to you."

"Go on," answered Croixmore, whose suspicions were thoroughly reawakened.

"I will go straight to the point. Monseigneur the Marquis de la Tremblais has the greatest interest in making himself master of the fortified Château de Tauve. Nothing would be easier than for him to accomplish this object with his own forces; but, in consequence of certain scruples, which there is no need for me to explain to you, he prefers not taking any part in the affair. Will you, yes or no, agree to capture this château, as if on your own account?—for which service the marquis engages to pay you the enormous sum of ten thousand crowns as soon as you place him in possession of the house. As to the objects of pillage it contains, great and small, they will not be claimed. I doubt, Seigneur Croixmore, whether so splendid an offer was ever before made to you."

Croixmore, dazzled by the brilliancy of these offers, was about to accept, when De Maurevert stopped the answer that was upon his lips.

"Who called you, captain?" he demanded, with the savageness of a bulldog disturbed in his gnawing of a bone.

"Death!—a gentleman is always welcome whenever he deigns to present himself," replied De Maurevert, quite calmly. "I have been reflecting on the part you are making me play here, and find that it is beyond my powers to sustain it any longer. If you compel me to remain, a massacre will inevitably follow. Give me my liberty, and I undertake, on my honor, to send you, before three days are passed, the four hundred crowns for my ransom. Devil's horns!—you do not doubt my word, I hope?"

"On what resources are you counting, captain?"

"Million legions of Satan!—that's a question and a doubt that scents of the blackguard at ten leagues! On what resources do I count?—on ten, twenty, a hundred, a thousand? The Dame d'Erlanges, among other persons, who would be proud and happy to oblige me, would hasten to furnish me the amount of my ransom."

"You are unlucky to-day, captain," replied Croixmore, after a brief silence. "In less than two days the Dame d'Erlanges will be completely ruined."

"What!—you are dreaming!" cried De Maurevert.

"Not in the least. I am, on the contrary, extremely wide-awake; and I repeat that before two days have passed the Dame d'Erlanges, if she is still living, will be reduced to beggary; and that because in two days I shall have taken, pillaged, and sacked her Château de Tauve."

The bandit's words astonished De Maurevert to such a degree, that for a moment he was reduced to speechlessness. During that moment dull murmurs, changing almost instantly into cries and threats, rose from the divers groups of conspirators. The members of the League of Equity, already ill-disposed by the exorbitant pretensions of the Seigneur de Tournail, had not observed without warrantable indignation and apprehension the long conference of the bandit and the executioner of the Marquis de la Tremblais. The word "treason" began to circulate from mouth to mouth, and by degrees the exasperation of the mountaineers boiled over; abuse, at first muttered, burst forth at length like a storm, in exclamations of rage and threats of death.

"By the sweet eyes of Madame Proserpine, and the beard of her lord and master, Pluto! I should be an enormous dunderhead to let slip such an opportunity as this!" muttered De Maurevert; and with a wrench so violent that he overthrew the two men who were holding him tightly by the arms, he freed himself, and, drawing his sword, sprang into the midst of the peasants.

"Brave companions!" he cried, in tones that rung through the defile—"fear nothing! I will be your leader—I, the illustrious Captain de Maurevert! Down with the traitors! Death to the spies! To the gallows with Croixmore!"

A frightful uproar followed De Maurevert's words and action, and the melee began.

(To be continued.)

A TREMENDOUS "slide" of snow from a roof in a Maine village completely buried a man who happened to be passing by. The good people of the place went to work and dug him out. They found him unhurt, but in tears. He said he was a Swiss, and had not felt so happy for years—that it reminded him of days gone by in his native mountains.

A VISIT TO A KINDERGARTEN.

In the Faubourg St. Antoine there is an establishment called "L'Ecole Professionnelle," of which Madame Delton is the "Directrice." It is situated in the Rue de Neuilly, No. 25. Having had a letter of introduction, I presented myself as an Englishman wishing to learn something of the Kindergarten, and the "Système Frobel," as carried out in that establishment. I need hardly say that I was received with that courtesy and readiness to oblige which stands in such remarkable contrast with a similar application in my own country, expect the applicant may happen to lean on the arm of a trustee or a director. This school is not supported by the Government; and therefore is, to all intents and purposes, a private one. The Kindergarten, or Frobel system has for its purpose the conveyance of knowledge to little children, from the age of four to seven, by means of objects and elementary instruction without books; so that the mind of the young is not taxed or fatigued by learning, but, as it were, pleasantly instructed by amusement. In this school there are about sixty young pupils in two divisions. The first consists of little ones, who appear happy and full of play, and yet learn by playing. I saw a child of four years old to-day, who knew well the elements of geometry, and yet could not read. She recognised at once the obtuse and acute angle, the sphere, the cube, and the circle, and knew how to apply them by dictation to the formation of a figure. It seems almost paradoxical to say this of a child who cannot write a word; and yet it appears very simple and instructive if we only trace step by step the way it is arrived at. The most primitive lesson which the child receives is a ball to play with—simple enough, and which no child objects to; there is half a yard of string attached to it, and the balls are covered with worsted netting in various colors. The child by this is told that the ball is a circle, a round, a sphere; and by the various coverings learns to distinguish the various colors. He holds the string in one hand, and is told to throw up the ball, and of course it comes down again. He learns the words "up" and "down," and is then told that that is vertical or perpendicular. Then he throws it to the right and the left, and learns both those terms; and, it fact, knows his right hand from his left. It is a rule not to confine a child's attention to one thing more than a quarter of an hour; and then he has a box of cubes put before him, colored red, of one centimetre each. With these he first is taught to put them in a row, and then he recognises a straight line; when this is accomplished, he is taught how, by placing them together, certain elementary forms are made; and so on this proceeds till the infant can construct—and can construct out of its own intelligence—many things in ordinary use, such as window, stool, doorway, &c. By degrees, the little one, after having mastered the cubes, is supplied with wooden bricks of the same kind, always in mathematical proportion, so that he may not be misled; and thus, after a few initiatory lessons, he is encouraged to exercise his own will, or, in other words, play with them as he thinks best. But the infant is very apt at imitation; and what one does the other will try to do. Before playing with the cubes or the bricks, they learn what is the surface and what the angle; and so, in fact, they learn geometry unconsciously, and yet they know it. Then the little ones are taught, for ten or fifteen minutes, in a song or chant, some of the elements of social knowledge; as "how flour is made," or simple figures of addition; and so three-quarters of an hour are spent. Then they are all turned out, if fine, into the yard, to do their gymnastics; or if wet, into the large empty room on the ground-floor.—*Est-Cetera.*

A LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

Once in the days when men wandered through the world seeking that cup, made of a single precious stone, holding the real blood of Christ, a knight left England to search for the same in distant lands. As he passed from his door, a poor sufferer cried to him for help. Absorbed in his grand hope, the knight heeded him not, but went on. He wandered to the Holy Land, fought in many wars, endured much, but found not the precious cup; and at last, disappointed and dejected, he returned home. As he neared his own house, the same poor sufferer cried to him for help.

"What dost thou require?" asked the knight. The aged man said, "Lo, I am perishing with thirst."

The knight dismounted and hastened to fetch a cup of water. He held the half-clad sufferer in his arms, raised his head, and proffered the water to his parched lips. Even as he did so the cup sparkled into a gem—the knight saw in his hand the holy grail, flushed with the true blood of Christ; and so we, my brothers, may wander far, and traverse many realms of philosophy and theology, to find the truth which represents the true life-blood of the noblest soul; but we shall find it only when and where we love and serve as he did. If we but give to the fainting soul at our door a cup of water from the well of truth, it shall flash back on us the radiance of God. As we can save, so shall we be saved. And when we are really moved by the outcries of famished hearts and brains, as by the wailing of helpless babes—when we deeply long to be a light and hope to men—the ways of doing so will open before us, even as undreamed energies to fill them shall be born within us.

(For the Favorite.)

PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE.

BY W. O. FARMER.

How can the thinker, in reason, contend
That the soul and the body together must end?
Does he fancy because they both shared the
same womb,
After death, they must share the same fate in
the tomb?

Can atheists argue, with feelings sincere,
That matter alone's our hereafter and here—
Who calmly consider the marvelous plan
Of the earth—from its lowliest insect to man?
Who study the harmony, beauty and grace
Of the spheres, and the system that guides them
thro' space.

Who note with what smoothness, precision and
force,
The heavenly bodies revolve on their course,—
Stupendous in magnitude—momentum—design,
Yet docile to agencies felt as divine!

What symmetry, too, and immensity shown,
In the plan of the vast skyey regions alone!
Then again—how majestically grand to the eye
Those mountains that lift their bold fronts to
the sky!

Or, shifting the picture,—what awe thrills the
soul

As Ocean's dread billows in loud thunders roll—
Or Heaven's fell parks of artillery crash,
Or thro' the dark clouds the forked lightnings
flash!

Where, where is the man still an atheist could
be,
Who views all these wonders of earth, sky and
sea?

Does the thought of the grandeur that reigns in
the spheres—

That thro' all the works of Creation appears,—
The doctrine of 'accident' merely suggest?
Or, do they not, rather, the power attest
Of a being omniscient, omnipotent, wise,
Who lives none the less because veiled from our
eyes!

May that not His glance be, reflected in fire—
That flashes and scathes in the lightning's fire?
Or His be the voice that, in trembling, we hear
When echoing thunder-claps peal on the ear,—
Dark moments of terror, when even the brute
In the field, like its master, grows fearful and
mute!

Was it accident only conceived and arranged,
The plan of the Seasons that—never deranged—
In rotary order, like clock-work revolve?
What genius! what usefulness! On these devolve
A duplicate duty,—the one, to define
The months and the years and the movements
of time;—

The other, to bring to each climate and soil
Those blessings of temperature needed the
while!

Whose wisdom frames camels with natural
tanks?
And fashions their hoofs for the sand's shifting
banks?

Who 'tempers the wind' to the lamb shorn
bare,
And fosters and feeds e'en the birds of the air?
But who made that noblest of work in the plan
Of all the creation—its master-piece—Man!
Endowed him with gifts every station to suit—
From ruling as king, to the humblest pursuit!
Who blest him with reason, by which he can
soar

Free from the regions of earth, and explore
Those viewless, impalpable secrets that lie,
In planet and star, unrevealed to the eye—
Penetrate every mystery that Nature enshrouds,
And drag electricity down from the clouds,—
In net-work of rail the whole universe bind,
And fly on the wings of steam fleet as the wind—
Thus annihilating both distance and time
By the genius of Franklin and Watt so divine!

Ah! sunk must that soul be in vice and de-
based,
That views all the proofs of Divinity placed,
Thus clearly before it—both live proofs and
dead,—

And feels not inspired—not instinctively led,
To kneel at the great shrine of Nature, o'erawed,
And worship, thro' Nature, the Almighty God!

(For the Favorite.)

A STRANGE LIFE AND A
STRANGE DEATH.

PAGES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A PHYSICIAN.

EDITED BY NED P. MAH,
OF MONTREAL.

Reader, were you ever, and it is probable—if
you do not haply belong to the Upper Ten Thou-
sand of Independence, if you have not a snug
berth under Government in bank or post-office
or H. M.'s Red Tape or Circumlocution offices;
if you are not handsomely paid for doing as little
as possible between the hours of 10 and 4 daily;
if you are not the proud possessor of a commis-

sion in Her Majesty's forces, or an officer in her
navy; if you are not the son of an Indian nabob
or of a wealthy merchant; if you are not the
fortunate recipient of a rich legacy or the happy
husband of a rich wife—that you have experi-
enced the anxiety, the embarrassment, the har-
assing care, the worry, the irritating suspense,
the degrading dependence, the ignoble solicitude,
the hoping against hope, the maddening disap-
pointments, the lingering desperation of that
most unenviable of situations, euphemistically de-
signed by the metaphysical phrases of "under a
cloud," "down on your luck." In a word, reader,
to speak plain English,—Were you ever out of
employ?

No matter what that employment was, or
what the cause which has suddenly thrown you
on your own resources,—smash, failure, panic,
war, politics, the conclusion of work, the wind-
ing up of an affair, the intrigues of confrères, the
malice of enemies, the spite of employés, a quar-
rel with your superiors, your own carelessness or
ill-conduct—the result is alike annoying, humili-
ating, uncomfortable, pleasureless, embittering.

There are many men whose existence is
nomadic, whose vocation is one liable to period-
ical interruptions, and whose lives are of neces-
sity subject to frequent gaps of this description.
As friendship is often all but a mere matter of
habit—as those we love when in sight are too
soon forgotten when absent—such men make
neither friendships nor fortunes. "Hah!" cries
Jack Evergreen, our old chum, as he stumbles
against us at a street corner, "you here! Lord,
who'd ha' thought it. Why, I heard that you
were in the Brazils, and had married an heiress
with immense estates! Egad, you are a traveler!
Off again, I suppose? Well, ta-ta, old boy!"
and off he hurries before you can utter a word,
buttoning his pockets as though he harbored a
remote suspicion you might request the loan of
a five.

If you have never taken lodgings in a quiet
street—a street looked upon by organ-grinders
and nomadic bands of nigger minstrels as their
peculiar domain, as the place in which they have
a special prerogative to exercise their calling—a
street into which noisy children are sent from
the surrounding thoroughfares to play—a street
at the corner of which orange girls do congre-
gate, where the vendors of fish and costermong-
ers loudly proclaim their wares; if you have
never known what it is to affect the damp in-
sides of steaming omnibuses, redolent with the
suffocating odor of blue cloth, in preference to
hauling a spanking hansom on a rainy day; if
you have never experienced the self-denial of
making your lunch your dinner; if you have
never known what it is to look at the two sides
of a shilling before spending it; if you have never
dreaded to break into a fresh sovereign; if you
have never taken to tobacco and pipes in the
privacy of your rooms in the stead of the open
enjoyment of the expensive and finely-flavored
"weed" in the free air; if your diurnal pint of
sherry has never dwindled to an equal quantity
of Bass or Barclay; if the most valuable portion
of your property has never been committed to
the careful guardianship of a friendly "uncle"
—then, reader, you have never experienced a
state of things the very novelty of which at first
excites a certain degree of amusement in the
philosophic mind, but which, when too long
endured, serves only to harden and embitter,
to annihilate our better feelings, and leave behind a
callousness and indifference of spirit.

Yet there are men so constituted as to survive
even a long ordeal of this description without
detriment, who emerge from the shades as
sprightly, as lively, as generous, and as full of
spirits as they sank into it; from whom trouble
glides as smoothly and as invisibly as water from
the duck's back; whom women pet and men
vote jolly fellows, but are not, perhaps, the best
of men, as they are decidedly not the deepest
thinkers.

To this genus belonged my old friend, Mr.
Timothy Lawless. Frank, genial, bluff, portly,
good-natured, hearty and handsome, his very
face was a stock-in-trade, his manners a fortune,
his very hand-shake an undeniable credential.
Landladies were his smiling victims, tradesmen
begged him not mention their little accounts
and joyfully received fresh commands, creditors
cracked jokes with him, tailors vied with each
other in clothing his robust figure free of ex-
pense and to the best advantage. He never de-
nied himself a cab when "hard up." When he
had cash he threw the drivers double fares, and
when he had none, to use his own words, he
"took out the balance." Ingenious were the
devices, and of these he made no secret, by
which he jockeyed the Jehus. Numberless were
his victims, and innumerable the hours they
waited, now shivering in wind and rain at the
doors of their four-wheelers before shops with
double entrances; now perched with chest-flap-
pant arms upon their lofty, gaily-painted
"patent safeties," at the entrance of an appar-
ently blind alley, in trustful patience awaiting
the return of the fare who never did return.
"Who would ha' thought he was a sell!" cries
Dandy Jack, as, lighting the third meerschaum
consumed in waiting for the "gent" who would
be "back in ten minutes," he wraps his leopard-
skin tighter round his legs and throws his sting-
ing lash with an oath across the prominent ribs
of his wiry screw. And five minutes afterwards,
perhaps, Mr. Lawless himself, a gold-headed
cane beneath the dexter arm of his trimly fitting
overcoat, exquisitely gloved and booted, his lips
slightly parted with his usual happy smile, his
white teeth gleaming in the winter sun, saunters
forth, looks round surprised, and, with an air of
annoyance which he is evidently too well-bred to
allow to ruffle for more than one moment his
genial temper, walks sedately westward.

But if his character—and none could be less
lenient than himself in its estimation—was not
such as to win the approbation of a rigid censor
of morals, he seldom found it a bar to any society
which he might choose to enter. Endowed with
a wonderful tact and a ready adaptation to cir-
cumstances, he was ever a welcome guest. Al-
most in the words of the hero of "London As-
surance," a rôle which that evergreen of the
stage, Charles Mathews, so elegantly renders,
and in which I have even heard it whispered
some traits in his own character are admirably
portrayed, "Nature," he was wont to say of him-
self, "intended me for a gentleman: empty
pockets have sometimes made me a black-
guard!"

That such a man, so prodigally gifted by na-
ture, traveled, intellectual, well-bred, and edu-
cated in that best of all finishing schools, the
world, should have had his successes with the
fair sex was not to be wondered at. A man may
be as near perfection as it is permitted to human
frailty to be—an Admirable Crichton in intellect
and morals, an Adonis in masculine beauty and
a Hercules in strength and frame—and yet wo-
men will shun him as a pest, terrified at the
personification of an ideal their minds are in-
capable to grasp. But let him have the charac-
ter of a scapegrace, nay, let the suspicion of
mysterious crimes hover over him, let the ex-
communicating ban of religion, rationalism or
infidelity descend on his devoted head, and a
dozen of the fairest specimens of femininity, not
apparently wanting either in brains or judgment
or common sense will flock around him, ready,
some to pity, some to pardon, some to reclaim,
all desperately to love him.

But, though by no means lacking in vanity,
nor usually silent as to his exploits in other
directions, on this head he was never known to
boast. To him a woman's fame was sacred, and
he was often, and this was his saving merit, a
better friend to a woman than she would have
been to herself. And there was one whose devo-
tion to him never faltered, who was faithful to
him through evil report and good report, who
tended him in sickness as only woman can tend,
who bore with his absence without reproach,
consoling herself with the only thing beside him
which she valued on earth—her art,—welcoming
his return with her bright unquestioning smile,
grateful for his presence while he chose to make
her little studio his home, patient when its nar-
row limits proved too wearisome for his free,
life-enjoying nature, always mutely anxious for
his comfort, always hourly submissive to his
will.

It was a curious compact that bound these two
—that little quiet woman with the dark hair
braided over her soft, dove-like eyes, and this
great, robust, noisy, handsome man-of-the-world,
—yet whatever escapades, digressions, as it were,
his affections might be guilty of, he never really
wavered from this strong attachment, the great
tenderness that had somehow become interwoven
with his very nature for her.

When I knew him he was "hanging out," as
he called it, at a hotel in a fashionable water-
ing-place on the British side of the Channel, hav-
ing taken refuge there after the failure of some
bubble speculation in which he had been engaged
in France, where he had made what he denomi-
nated a "hatful" of money and lost it in a jiffy.
To quote further from his own narrative of him-
self, he was now "in pawn" at the hotel, insur-
ing his credit by fresh orders of little dinners and
"wines" for himself and cronies; of the latter I
was one.

Now if you, reader, belong haply to that highly
respectable order of society, to that genus which
aims at no higher mark than to go on the even
tenor of its fastidious path, attending church regu-
larly, and as regularly meeting butcher, baker
and candlestick maker's bills, which is always
at home to the tax-gatherer and the "rates" col-
lector, you may think that my friend's position
was, to say the least, awkward. But I can as-
sure you, my friend Timothy did not feel it to be
so in the least, and had he entertained even a
suspicion of a fear for his release, a stroke of his
usual luck speedily dissipated it.

The band was playing upon the beach.

A little removed from the crowd, which stood
chatting in little knots around the musicians, or
circled them in a listless saunter, or occupied the
spare benches upon the esplanade, a little party
of three young damsels of the period, with an
elderly gentleman with crutches and a bandaged
leg, were seated.

Presently, attracted by some movement in
the crowd, or by some oddity in face or person of
one of its components, the youngest sister edged
herself down, padding with her dainty gloved
hands among the sand and pebbles, and urging
herself forward by almost invisible gradation
until she reached the wished for point of view.
Her sisters followed her example, and papa was
left high and dry upon a rock above their heads.
"Papa, come down here!"

Then papa, carefully raising himself upon his
two hands, and advancing his game-legs a few
inches at a time, commenced the progressive
movement too, and having arrived in the imme-
diate neighborhood of his evasive daughter, was
about to settle himself once more in an easily
recumbent position, when he bethought him of
his crutches, left out of reach, resting on the rock
above, and turned a helpless look in that direc-
tion. What met his gaze, however, was neither
crutch nor rock, but the shapely calves of Tim,
which now intervened; and, lifting his eyes, he
discovered the missing necessities beneath the
arm of that ubiquitous personage, whose hand-
some countenance beamed with the most win-
ning smile of sympathy and a desire to serve.

A conversation ensued, during which Tim re-
clined by the side of the invalid, now listening
with condolence and sympathy to the details of
his ailment, and to the history of his broken leg;
now conducting the conversation in a livelier
direction, and leading the old man to forget all
the disagreeables of life in the wit and irresistible
humor of his own narrations; now making a
show of firm resistance in some argument, only
to give way with respectful deference to the
superior years and more mature experience of
his auditor.

When the old gentleman returned to his hotel
that night one of his crutches was replaced by
Tim's stalwart arm, the stick being carried
sword fashion behind the left arm of that cour-
teous individual. This pair brought up the rear,
a poodle being the advance guard, and the three
girls the main body.

Three months afterwards the loveliest and
most Hebe-like of the three girls was Tim's
wedded wife.

He got a hatful of money with her, and they
went to travel in Germany.

Tim and I were smoking a cigar together in
my little snugery behind the surgery. He had
come to liquidate a loan (with a cheque on his
wife's bankers), and he had dined with me, on
the eve of their departure for the continent.

There had been a moment of silence, when he
burst out with—

"Doctor, do you believe in presentiments? I
am the luckiest dog alive, and ought to be one
of the happiest,—young, strong and well, with a
rich wife who adores me, a paragon of beauty,
and as wise as she is handsome—without a care
or trouble in the world,—I feel as though I had
better hang myself than start for Germany to-
morrow. Can you tell me why?"

"Bah! your stomach's out of order. A little
sea-sickness will set all right."

"I sincerely hope so, but I don't believe it.
By the by, I'm anxious about one thing, that's
Laura. You know who Laura is? I told you
all about her. Now she's far from strong. I'm
always afraid that she might croak."

"Any medical service that I could render," I
began, "to you, or to—"

"My dear sir," broke he in, "will you do me
a great favor. Would you call with me and see
her to-morrow, and may I rely on you to look
in upon her now and then while I am away."

"With all the pleasure in life!" said I, and we
shook hands on it.

Next day I was introduced to Laura.

We found her, palette in hand, before her
easel. Draped in her pink wrapper, her hair in
classic braids, with her pure Grecian features,
she seemed some tinted statue that, suddenly
touched with life, had just forsaken its pedestal,
so pale and stone-like were the exquisitely chis-
eled features.

The painting before her represented the death
of a warrior. The faithful squire endeavors with
a strip of the linen from his own bosom to staunch
the death-wound. The fallen helmet and dis-
ordered attire betray the real sex of the faithful
follower.

The face of the disguised maiden was one of
exquisite beauty.

Presently I discovered the model in the only
other occupant of the apartment, a child of some
ten summers. 'Twas the same face matured—a
face with all its mother's dignity of feature, its
father's blond curls, and that sad, saintly, I had
almost said supernatural, expression, that so
often betokens an early death to its possessors.
It was the face of a saint, but it was also the face
of a martyr.

Admirably and with tender care had the
mother worked out these early indications of
high purpose or of coming suffering. The face
of the faithful page was a masterpiece of study
and of feeling.

"Laura," said Tim, "I am going away, girl,
for years it may be. Here is my best friend,
Dr. —. He has promised to come and see you
sometimes professionally. Promise me to tell
him all your bodily ailments, and should you
have other troubles, you can't find a better ad-
viser."

With a sweet smile she promised me her con-
fidence, said she was never ill, yet hoped I would
call when at leisure, nevertheless, and would be
thankful, should she have troubles, to know
where to seek advice.

She dismissed me with quiet courtesy, and
Tim with a chaste embrace.

"Old fellow," said Tim, as the door closed and
we parted before the waiting hansom, "I feel as
if I had closed the gates of Paradise."

For ten years I called periodically on Laura,
and my visits were a delight. Ladylike, modest,
well-informed, even-tempered, always exqui-
sitely yet simply dressed, Laura exercised over
me a charm that I had found in the society of
no other woman.

For herself she never required my services,
but besought them eagerly for her child, who,
growing daily more saint-like, more heavenly-
eyed, more transparent in her unearthly beauty,
evidenced a speedy departure for that angel land
to which she seemed already almost to belong.
I rendered every assistance in my power to sus-
tain the clay, but I knew the eager spirit would
soon burst from its chrysalis and soar to its sis-
ters.

As the eleventh summer of Tim's absence was
turning to the sere and yellow leaf, making my
customary visit to Laura, I found she was not
alone.

The child met me in the outer room. "Tread softly, sir," she lisped; "papa is come home and is very ill."

Laura met me, pale and self-possessed as ever, more beautiful than ever, at the inner door.

"Is that you, doctor," said she; "I expected you to-day, or should have sent. Tim returned last night, and, I fear, is dying."

I approached the bed, grasped his faintly extended hand, and looked upon the face of my old friend.

It was the face of a man in the last stages of decline!

Tim in a decline! Tim, the robust, the Samson-like, the iron-nerved, the Herculean! Yesterday I could have laughed aloud at any one who had suggested such a thing. To-day the evidence of the fact was before my face.

He pulled me down to him and whispered: "It's of no use, old fellow! All the tonics in the world won't save me now. Do all you like, I am dying, and it is for the best, believe. Only save Laura when I am gone."

I did all I could; I called in others, I held consultations. We all agreed in the symptoms and the disease; all that puzzled us was the cause.

I was reading before the fire in the shaded lamp-light. Tim was softly sleeping in that quiet sleep which might at any moment be death. Laura, statuesque and pallid, sat with dove-like, glistening eyes watching the dying man.

Suddenly came the opening of doors and the tramping of many feet upon the stairways.

Then Tim rose, weird and ghost-like, in the bed, and pointing with gaunt finger to the door, whispered hoarsely:

"Arrest! ha, ha! Tell them to arrest me in—"

And he fell back—dead.

The door opened to admit a detective, with a warrant for his arrest for I know not what hideous crimes.

Laura bore the shock well, but something of hardness crept into her beautiful face, and marred its divinity of expression.

Her whole soul was wrapped up now in her child, and I dreaded the time when it too would leave her—alone.

Alone; yes, but for me. If I could have hoped to interest her—beyond her gracious, courteous manner, sometimes almost sisterly manner, I knew I could never hope.

The dread time came—the little soul flew home.

Then Laura said:

"Doctor, now all the sunshine is gone out of my life; I have nothing now but your friendship; all I crave is your indulgence. Be patient with me while I live; think not too harshly of me when I die."

"Die! Good heavens, madam," said I, "you must not think of dying yet! You have years of life before you. Sad ones, at first, perhaps; but time will heal—"

I stopped. Something so sad and meaning in her smile paralyzed my utterance.

Fearful of intruding upon her grief, I did not call for a week. Then she was ill in bed.

The self-same symptoms as her husband's, or his who had filled a husband's place in her life.

"Doctor," she said, "I am dying. You cannot, no power on earth can save me. Be patient with me, and when I am dying, ask me, and I will confide a secret to your keeping. Do not pity me. I suffer no pain, and I have nothing now to live for."

"Not for my sake," I said, half unconsciously. My eyes were filled with tears.

"Useless," she said; "you would wrong yourself to ask it. That place is for one worthier than I."

"I doubt, by Heaven, if there be such. Live!" I cried, "if you hold your life in your own hand, as I do not, then live."

She smiled, oh! so sadly.

"Not now; it is no longer in my power; it is too late."

And my meaning look met with a half-answering glance. The terrible secret was half told already.

A fortnight afterwards she sent for me. I scarcely ever left her now, but had been summoned to a severe case in haste.

"Doctor," she said, "while I have strength let me tell you all. My husband preferred death to disgrace. He made me swear to kill him. I did it. God knows if I did right. His wish was my law—he was my god. Now I am dying, too. Do you think me very wicked? Is this something your philosophy never dreamt of? There is a subtle vegetable you physicians know not of. Your tonics are its food. When you strengthen us you give it prey. It leaves no trace behind. No analysis will give a clue to its silent workings. Don't shrink from me, doctor," she said, with her sad smile, "don't judge me all too hardly."

With tears in my eyes, I bent and kissed her brow.

"I judge you not, Heaven help me. God is your judge!"

I did not think her so near her end. My other patient might be dying. I strove gently to withdraw my hand.

But she clasped it with a faint pressure, as she repeated with her sad, sweet smile the dying words of one of the wittiest as well as the most fascinating of the daughters of France:

"One moment, doctor, and we will go out together!"

And as my tears fell fast upon the beautiful pale form I muttered:

"Unto her should much be forgiven, for she loved much."

I would not desecrate her beauty with the dissecting knife, but I obtained Tim's body, and made an elaborate post-mortem examination. Laura was right—not a trace of any known poison was discoverable.

For the Favorite.

THEIR FIRST QUARREL.

BY EMMA NAOMI CRAWFORD,

OF PETERBORO', ONT.

The garden sloped downwards towards the lake, which lay at the foot of the tall cliffs, a placid expanse of intense blue, hardly stirred to a faint ripple now and then by the light summer wind. It was a delightful old garden, in which you might feel sure of finding some flower almost any day, from the earliest days of spring to the beginning of winter, though hardly a place which would have delighted the eye of an order-loving floriculturist—one who would have "a place for every flower and every flower in its place," to take a slight liberty with a well-known moral precept—for order there was none in this flowery spot. Tangled rosevines thrust themselves everywhere, through fences, over flower-beds, and disputing the ground with a thick hedge of syringas, covered with snowy blossoms. Tulips glowed in gorgeous masses amongst the pinks, and in every direction rose hollyhocks like brilliantly attired sentinels, while I blush to admit that even the flaunting peony and highly objectionable sunflower were largely represented in this garden of disorder.

Such as it was, however, it had its admirers—people who liked to wander through the roses and syringas and look down on the lake below, which appeared to sweep under the cliff to the edge of which the garden ran, and who forgave its untidiness for the sake of its sweetness and brightness.

It looked particularly inviting this afternoon of which I write, for June—which, as everyone knows, is the month for roses—was not quite gone, and this was especially a garden of roses.

About midway down the hill stood an arbor, a roughly executed, homely thing enough, built of cedar poles still covered with bark, but beautified and almost covered with the roses, which had it all their own way about and around it, and flourished exceedingly.

This arbor was not unoccupied, for on the rustic seat which was its sole article of furniture, sat a young woman sewing. There! Don't imagine that I am going into a minute description of her, or indeed any at all. No, sir! if you can't imagine a pretty girl, without hearing of what particular style of architecture her nose is, or whether her hair is golden, or as the raven's wing, I pity you but will not help you. I don't believe that there was ever an utterly commonplace or ugly heroine, and mine shall not be the first of such a series. Content you with this, she was young, she was pretty, and as girls go—good.

Ruth was not in good spirits this afternoon. She had had her first quarrel with her lover—that is the accepted lover—for she had of course too, as ever right-minded, well-regulated heroine has—about ten days before, and not being a strong-minded person at all, she was inclined to think it a very unpleasant experience, and to wish that it had never taken place.

As usual, it had been about a trifle—a mere nothing.

The "other fellow," a very nice young clergyman, had been attentive to her at a picnic, and because she did not wither him with scorn, or treat him with cold contempt, Mr. Hugh Grant had betaken himself home, but not before he had remonstrated with Ruth in a manner which had resulted in her declining to accept his escort home. That was ten days ago, and she had not seen him since.

She looked doleful enough, sitting there in the shadow of the roses. There were dark shadows on her face, and she had evidently been improving the shining hours of that long June day, with a hearty cry; you see, after all, she was no heroine, but merely a little country girl with no spirit to speak of, and who, when she should have been laying plans for her lover's overthrow and defeat, was tamely sitting in an old arbor in her garden, sewing on the frilling of an apron, and thinking how miserable he had made her.

While she sat there thinking, an odd figure was making its way towards the arbor, an old woman, tall and spare and grim-looking enough, with a high white cap and short, gaily-patterned dress. This woman walked swiftly down the garden, parting the rose-bushes where they met as though to detain her, with no gentle hand. There was a look of excitement on her face, her eyes were fixed, her lips trembled, her whole air was that of one who is the unwilling bearer of evil tidings, and as she paused at the arbor door, she seemed to be collecting all her energies for some painful duty from which there was no escape.

The shadow falling to her feet, aroused Ruth, and she glanced up.

"Miss Ruth," said the woman, and then stopped, as though not knowing how to proceed; but her face spoke for her, and most eloquently.

Ruth started to her feet, and the work slipped through her trembling fingers, and fell to the ground.

"What is it?" she said. "Oh, Ann! I see it in your face! What has happened? Papa—"

"It's not your father, Miss Ruth," answered the old woman quickly. "But, don't be frightened, child."

"Hugh," she said, turning very pale, and laying her hand on the woman's arm. "Tell me, is it Hugh?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Ann, authoritatively, "sit down there. I have bad news for you, but you must bear it like a woman. There has been an accident on the railroad in the valley, and they have brought the person who was injured up to the house, and you had better stay here awhile. You can do no good, and it might upset you."

Ruth gazed at her with wide eyes of horror and questioning, and Mrs. Ann continued:

"The train was just going through the valley, when they saw—the men on the engine—a little way ahead, a man coming along the track. They whistled to warn him off, but when he saw them coming, he began to run towards them, shouting and waving his arms. They were going too fast, and were too close upon him to stop—and, you know what happened then."

"Yes, I know," said Ruth slowly, "and the man was Hugh."

How dark the summer day was growing, and how cold! She shivered, and shrank back against the roses. And then she felt a kind of torpor stealing over her, and through the darkness seemed to hear a wild cry of "Miss Ruth, my darling!" as though coming from a great distance. And then she heard nothing, felt nothing more, for she had fallen at Mrs. Ann's feet in a dead faint.

She came to herself again in the cool shadow of the darkened drawing-room. There was a stillness in the house—a hush—a solemn silence, which brought back to her the memory of the arbor, and Mrs. Ann, and then of what she had heard in the moments before that awful darkness had fallen around her.

She turned her head with a low moan, towards the open door, and then—

And then there entered with hasty step her father, and yes, there was some one else too, and Mrs. Ann, rose from her seat beside the couch on which she lay, with a loud cry of,

"Are you risen from the dead, Hugh Grant?"

"No," said Mr. Hawthorne, gravely, "he is alive. Ruth, my darling, look at him, look at him!"

Yes, he was there in the flesh, pale and wretched-looking and worn, it is true, but there, alive and strong as ever, and Ruth, unable to bear the sudden relief and joy, felt the darkness closing in again.

But when for the second time she regained consciousness, it was all explained to her by Hugh himself. How that a lunatic, wearing very much the same clothes as he did, had escaped from one of our best known asylums, "and being" in Hugh's own words, "remarkably like me, had at the distance of only a few yards been mistaken for me. Two of the keepers who were in pursuit have identified him, and taken the poor fellow away. And oh, Ruth, can you ever forgive me for my cruel jealousy and rage the other day?"

Well, though between ourselves he didn't deserve it—she did forgive him, and I don't know that I have anything more to say, except that they have not quarrelled since.

LITTLE MISERIES.

Life would be miserable if men and women had no grievances. It is highly probable, indeed, that a large number, if they could find nothing to grumble at, would die of simple ennui. It is positive enjoyment to many people to have a good growl; they take intense delight in persuading themselves and those by whom they are surrounded that they are martyrs on a small scale. They do not act thus always with the mere intention of invoking pity on their behalf; perhaps, if the truth were to be made known, they are intensely angry with the being who has the audacity to pity them. They are actuated by a somewhat vague feeling of discontent. They feel that somehow or other, things are not exactly as they ought to be. They may have plenty to eat and drink, they may have good clothes on their backs and sufficient money to provide them with all healthful luxuries; they may have friends who love them and comfortable homes, and yet will they feel dissatisfied and seize an opportunity of making their dissatisfaction felt. They may be good-hearted people in the main, they may give money to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, their eyes may water with compassion at the sight of suffering, and yet, unaccountable as it may appear, they will take a positive pleasure in making those with whom their daily lives are spent temporarily unhappy. Human nature is made up of such palpable contradictions—there is so much instinctive bad mixed up with so much instinctive good in every one of us—that there is no reason to be surprised at this. Such being the constitution of many men's minds, it will readily be conceived that even when people are exceptionally prosperous they make a point of positively gloating over their trivial trials, making out, indeed, that they have as large a share of the bitters of life as any of their fellows. Indeed, we may go

a step further, and say that those who have most trials talk least about them. Those whose lives are one continual grind, who have to struggle hard to keep the wolf from the door, have, in fact, little time for grumbling. They have generally to be content with things as they are. It would be found, were inquiry made, that the honest hard-workers are busily engaged in thanking Providence for such small mercies as are vouchsafed to them that they forget to murmur, except at odd moments, on account of those which are denied.

We have said that many men take a delight in their troubles, and, by inference, that these are the people who have really nothing to complain of. It affords some men, for instance, infinite delight to grumble at their dinner,—that is, not, perhaps, to find fault with the thing as a whole, but to pick out some one point and unfavorably criticise it. Take such a man where this course is not legitimately open to him, and he will experience a void, and, if there be real cause for discontent, probably lapse into sullenness. In the former instance, his irritation is generally only short-lived; in the latter, being compelled to keep his grievance to himself, it is of much longer continuance. The failing under consideration grows upon its victims. The man who commences by grumbling at trifling woes, being led thereto, probably, by a simple desire to let off some of his superfluous spleen, too frequently ends by manufacturing troubles to such an extent, and howling about them so loudly, that he becomes a positive nuisance. There is no being so disagreeable to encounter as a man who seems to have everything that he ought to want, but who is constantly assuming a hypochondriacal mien and talking in such a manner that any one might be excused for thinking that he had been nourished in his infancy upon cayenne, chilies, or something of an equally warm and irritant nature. Who is unacquainted with that aggravating being who is constantly imagining himself ill, and goes into paroxysms of ill-temper upon the subject of draughts, who will snarl for ten minutes if, by some mischance, you enter the room and forget to close the door after you. Just as familiar is the individual who flies into a passion if any one meddles with his books or papers. When such a man has a garden it is to him a source of endless discomfort. He is continually in a fume because some thoughtless wight has entered the vineyard and let the chill air in, thereby running a good chance of spoiling the grapes, in which he takes so much pride. He is often driven to the verge of distraction by the slugs and insects which destroy his strawberries, his flowers, and blight his apple trees. With his gardener he is constantly at loggerheads because that functionary has done this or has omitted to do that. Yet in all that which he complains of the pain endured on his part is more imaginary than real. As a matter of fact, he would suffer no bodily inconvenience were everything he grows destroyed by his enemies. But then he persuades himself that he is deeply aggrieved, and that is the main thing. It is a significant fact that many people feel as deeply concerning the insignificant trifles of life as ever an Alexander or a Napoleon did regarding his great campaigns. It is not so much the work which one is engaged in, it is the spirit in which that work is entered upon, which renders it, from a sentimental point of view, important or otherwise. The great sufferers from small miseries are, for the most part, people whose woes are inseparably connected with their amusements. Many a man could bear the loss of his fortune with more equanimity than he could be told of the death of a favorite pigeon or dog. Under these circumstances, then, it is not surprising that the idlers of society, as being the most afflicted in the direction indicated, are more distinguished than any other class by the ill-grace with which they encounter small troubles, their inability to brook contradiction, and their general unevenness of temper. Speak to one of these, and it will be found frequently that if, owing to his own density, he fails to understand your meaning, he will at once get "buffy," and condemn your stupidity in terms more emphatic than polite. Endeavor to show him that he is to blame, and the chances are that he has a downright quarrel with you. Nothing is worse than for two such idlers of society to have a "breeze." A tree which allows its branches to grow where perhaps it ought not, but where they are really doing no harm, is a sufficient *casus belli*. An aimless, do-nothing life has an unmistakable tendency to make a man effeminate and a general whiner. He may at the commencement of his career be affable and agreeable, but having, unfortunately, too much time on which to develop that love of carping and grumbling which seems inherent in us all, he too often ends by becoming a crochety, cranky old wisp. Thus it is that old people are frequently less easy-going than young ones. They have allowed their failings in this respect—whatever they may have done in other respects, to grow until they are beyond control, while their juniors, if exhibiting the cloven hoof, do not so in an obtrusive manner. While unprepared to give much consideration to those who have allowed their vices to get the upper hand of them, we feel that there is some excuse for them, and that it is therefore a good thing that the majority of people have no time to devote to causeless complaining.—*Liberal Review.*

LOOKING back upon life, stormy days well borne are perhaps better for us than days which require nothing but enjoyment. The rough paths of our youth, the hard places of our manhood, the difficulties which we are called to overcome, those things which oblige us to put out all our strength, have the most to do with making us all worthy men.

For the Favorite.

O BURY ME IN THE BOUNDING SEA.

BY LEATH ALTON.

O bury me in the bounding sea,
The mountain wave my monument,
It will bear no inscription to me,
Forgotten ever—none to lament.

You wonder at my last request,
Seems strange to thee, but not to me;
List the wish of a sailor boy,
Bury me in the bounding sea.

Yes, I was once my father's pride,
And my dear mother's only joy.
He died—I left home—my mother died
Of sorrow, for her only boy.

There's none to shed a tear for her,
There's none to shed a tear for me,
The waves shall hide a father's pride;
Bury me in the bounding sea.

You wonder at my last request,
Seems strange to thee, but not to me;
List the wish of a sailor boy,
Bury me in the bounding sea.

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES
FROM THE LUMBER-ROOM," "THE HUMMING-
BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

The playbills on the walls of Braymount announced that Manager Jellico had engaged the celebrated tragedian, Mr. Mackmillerman, who would appear at the Theatre Royal, Braymount, in the course of the ensuing week.

This piece of important intelligence put all the playgoers of the town in a state of great excitement, and people were rushing to secure places and tickets for those evenings when the great "star" was to shine forth and quench every other light with its splendid and dazzling rays.

The first night's performance was to be Hamlet, which tragedy was already in rehearsal. Mrs. Polderbrant was to enact the Queen, Desmoro Laertes, and Shavings, at the particular request of the manager himself, had undertaken the part of Osric.

Every member of the company was nervous and unhappy, dreading the coming of the eminent actor, who was one who regarded all his professional brothers and sisters—no matter how talented such might chance to be—as mere puppets, which were to move and to talk only according to his expressed directions.

Mr. Mackmillerman, was a selfish, tyrannical man, who was heartily detested by almost every actor and actress that came in contact with him. Mrs. Polderbrant knew him of old, and entertained for him a most bitter and implacable hatred—a hatred which she took no pains to conceal, whenever business brought her near him.

This feeling on her part was fully reciprocated by the gentleman himself, who would fume and growl exceedingly at the bare mention of her name.

Mr. Mackmillerman, who with his valet and his baggage, had just arrived at Braymount in his own private carriage, was lodged at the Bell Hotel, in an apartment of which he was now sitting with Manager Jellico.

The pair were examining a damp playbill just issued from the printing office of the town.

Mr. Mackmillerman was reading over the cast of the various characters.

Suddenly there was a loud growl from the eminent tragedian, who had flung his head back and plunged his fingers distractedly into his hair.

"Zounds! She here!" he exclaimed. "I was in hope that she had been consigned to the tomb of the Capulets long ago."

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked Jellico.

"Of Mrs. Polderbrant, of that firebrand in petticoats!" returned the tragedian vehemently.

Jellico's face dropped for an instant.

"She is a very clever woman in her own particular line," he observed.

"And what may that line be, Mr. Jellico," drily asked the other.

"She is our heavy lady, you know, Mr. Mackmillerman."

"She's a cat, sir—a cat, and nothing else," was the ireful reply.

The manager shrugged his shoulders, not presuming to differ from the opinion expressed by the great theatrical star.

"Had I known that that woman occupied a prominent position in your theatre, that I should be compelled to touch her hand, I tell you plainly, Mr. Jellico, I should not have condescended to perform in the Theatre Royal, Braymount."

"I am very sorry, really," was the regretful answer. "Mrs. Polderbrant is a somewhat eccentric woman, I will allow; but, notwithstanding

that fact, she has, as I said before, considerable talent."

"Talent! In what, I should like to be informed?"

"I am exceedingly distressed that the lady is obnoxious to you, Mr. Mackmillerman."

"Obnoxious!" echoed the star. "My dear sir, she is a dose of ipecacuanha to me."

"I wish I could alter matters for your convenience and pleasure," was the other's rejoinder.

At rehearsal on the following day, on the evening of which the tragedian was to appear, that startling luminary sent his valet (who was a black man) to rehearse the part of Hamlet in his stead.

At the appearance of Mr. Mackmillerman's sable retainer, the whole company refused to proceed with the business of rehearsal. They would none of them have anything to do with the negro, whom Mr. Mackmillerman, had lately brought over with him from America.

The man was more than commonly intelligent, else he would never have been able to acquire the words of Shakespeare's characters, and learn to understand the stage business belonging to the different parts.

Of course Jellico felt the affront that had been put upon the members of his company, but interest compelled him to make the best of the matter.

Mrs. Polderbrant, who was perfectly furious, inwardly determined to avenge this insult.

"Wait until to-night!" said she, in significant tones; "I'll warrant that I'll make him remember his engagement at Braymount! I've owed him some grudges for a long while, and now I'll repay him in full!"

Saying which the "heavy lady," stalked off the stage, the whole of the other actors and actresses following her example, and was no more seen there until night.

Mr. Mackmillerman was highly indignant when his servant repeated to him the manner in which he had been treated by Mrs. Polderbrant and others.

"The idiots!" stormed the tragedian. "But I'll make them suffer for it, never fear!"

Alas! the gentleman little dreamed of what was in store for his own magnificent self.

At length the eventful evening arrived. Mrs. Polderbrant looked majestic, and malicious as well, as if some mighty wickedness was brooding in her breast.

The house was crowded to overflowing.

The overture, as performed by the violin, trumpet, and drum, had been played; the curtain was up; and the tragedy begun.

Scene the second now introduces the King, and Queen, and Hamlet.

The entrance of the latter was the signal for a perfect burst of enthusiastic applause, in acknowledgement of which the star, touching his heart, bowed profoundly.

Mrs. Polderbrant's eyes seemed to dart sparks of living fire.

She was thinking of the black man with whom she had been required to rehearse the grand words of William Shakspeare.

This scene finished, the heavy lady darted into the flies, exactly over the stage, and over the heads of the performers, where the sky borders, and the roller-scenes are worked.

Here, taking a certain position, she waited for some length of time. She had evidently some task in hand, a task widely different from her usual employment.

She looked down on the heads of those below, and listened to the following dialogue:—

Horatio. It waves me still.

Go on. I follow thee.

Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.

Hamlet. Hold off your hands.

(Mrs. Polderbrant, above, was mysteriously busy at this moment.)

Hamlet. Be ruled, you shall not go.

Hamlet. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hard as the Nemean lion's nerve.

(*Ghost beckons him.*)

Still I am called; unhand me; gentlemen;

(*Breaking from them.*)

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me;

I say away;—Go on, I'll follow thee!

Just as the tragedian had uttered these words, a large dead cat, white as the Ghost himself, attached to a string, descended from the flies, and hung before him.

Amazed and horrified, the actor started back, unable to credit his eyes, while the audience first tittered, then laughed, and screamed, and the whole theatre was in a state of absolute confusion and uproar.

For a few moments the great star stood transfixed with amazement, the body of a white cat dangling before him, the shrieks of laughter in his ears.

The actors and the audience were all convulsed, while Mr. Mackmillerman, who was absolutely furious, recovering himself a little, rushed off the stage, crying out, "Drop the curtain, instantly! Drop the curtain! I will not act another scene to-night! Drop the curtain! Mr. Jellico," he continued, rushing to the manager, who was standing at the wing, looking like one quite thunderstruck,—"Mr. Jellico, what is the meaning of this unparalleled insult? what is the meaning of yonder dead cat? and who am I to thank for its appearance there?"

"Heaven only knows, Mr. Mackmillerman," returned the manager, doing his best to restrain his own laughter, which was struggling to burst forth at the sight of the defunct animal swinging to and fro at the end of a piece of string.

"You do not know, eh? Very well, Mr. Jellico! You'll drop the curtain, if you please!"

"Drop the curtain, Mr. Mackmillerman! It will be the ruin of us to do so."

"Tram, attend me to my dressing-room," spoke the tragedian, disregarding the other's words, and addressing his valet, who was standing close at hand.

"But, Mr. Mackmillerman—" added the distressed manager.

"I'll hear no more!" returned he, stalking off in the direction of his dressing-room, Jellico following him.

"I'll give twenty pounds to any one who will discover the perpetrator of this vile and dastardly trick!" said the star, suddenly turning round the manager, and foaming at the mouth with rage. "Nay, I will give fifty! Where is that witch, Mrs. Polderbrant," he abruptly continued. "I'll warrant that she is at the bottom of all this! Bring her before me!"

"Mrs. Polderbrant?" repeated the astonished and now doubly bewildered manager. "Really, Mr. Mackmillerman, I could not so insult the lady. Continue the performance, I entreat, sir, and, in the meantime, I will endeavor to investigate the affair, and do my utmost to find out the offender."

"Whom you will discharge on the spot?" interrupted the star. "Promise me that you will discharge her instantly."

"She! We are not certain of the sex of the transgressor."

"I am."

"Well, Mr. Mackmillerman, will you resume your part, and suffer the play to proceed?"

The tragedian fumed, stamped his feet, and then commenced striding up and down from wing to wing, his fingers thrust into his hair, his eyes rolling terrifically.

By-and-by he paused.

"Let the play go on," he commanded.

At this Jellico rushed away, and quiet being once more restored both before and behind the curtain, the play was resumed at that part of it whereat it had lately been so strangely interrupted.

The whole company knew who the delinquent was; but, notwithstanding Mr. Mackmillerman's proffered reward, not a person belonging to the company would betray her.

As for Jellico himself, he had not the remotest suspicion of the offender, and he did not take much trouble to find her out. Mr. Mackmillerman had offered a gross insult to the actors and actresses in Jellico's establishment, and those actors and actresses had fully avenged themselves on him.

During the remainder of the evening Mrs. Polderbrant conducted herself in her old manner; and although the star every now and then fixed his eyes upon her in withering glances, he failed to cause her the slightest concern, in any way. She was just as self-collected and dignified as ever—nay, perhaps a little more.

Now Shavings was far from feeling perfect in his part, and fearfully nervous into the bargain, wishing with all his heart that he could run away from the task, and bury himself for a few hours. He was dreading the moment when he should have to stand before the tragic hero; and his knees were knocking against each other, his bosom was loudly palpitating, his throat and mouth parched and hot, and his wits all astray. He was enduring stage-fright and all its host of terrors.

Ready dressed for his part, he was sitting behind the scenes, by the side of Comfort, who had been hearing him rehearse the words for his part for the seventh or eighth time. The poor little man looked shriveled up, and wholly unlike his wonted, humorous self—and his teeth were actually chattering together from excess of trepidation.

"It's truly awful, Comfort! I wish I could overcome it," said Shavings, alluding to his present state of alarm. "I'm bothered with the g's and the h's, you see, until I can think of nothing else but them and Mr. Mackmillerman! Oh, that there had never been a Shakspeare or a Mr. Mackmillerman! I dessey I'm wicked in uttering such a wish, but I can't help it, my dear—I really can't."

The young girl wound her arm about the speaker's neck, and laid her smooth cheek against his.

"If I'd a thousand pounds, Comfort, I'd give every penny of it to escape standing before that man! I am ill, my child, feeling sick as death at the bare thought of him!"

Comfort felt him tremble all over as he spoke.

What could she do in order to spare her father from the ordeal he was so dreading?

"I wish you had not undertaken the part, dear dad," she said.

"So also wish I, my dear; but Jellico was distressed for people, and I was willing to oblige him."

And as he spoke, the clown's head dropped on his breast.

"Dad," said Comfort, rousing him, "you'll never get through your part if you thus give way."

"Never mind—never mind, my dear, twelve o'clock must come, you know—that's one of my favorite mottoes, you remember; yes, twelve o'clock must come to all of us!"

And with these words, Shavings literally swooned away in his daughter's arms.

At this instant the act drop fell, and the fiddle, the trumpet and drum all three burst out as loudly and as musically as they could.

The young girl, who did not want to expose the weak terrors of her beloved father, sat perfectly still and quiet, holding him clasped to her breast, which was throbbing fast and painfully, not knowing what to do.

Presently, Desmoro issued from a doorway close at hand, and spoke to Comfort.

"What are you sitting in that dark corner for?" he asked, as he drew near. "Is not your father well?" he added, perceiving the clown's drooping form.

"Hush, Desmoro!" returned she, in a low voice. "Is any one in your room?" she inquired eagerly.

"No!" replied he, amazed at her strange question. "What's the matter?"

"He has fainted, I think! Take him in your arms, and carry him in there at once! Do, do, Desmoro, I implore!"

Without uttering another syllable, Desmoro stooped, lifted up the insensible figure, and bore it into his own apartment, whither Comfort followed.

No one had witnessed this little scene, which occurred behind the shade of several flats and wings, and Comfort felt secure.

"They'd all laugh at and ridicule him so," she observed, chafing her father's hands. "He who has been on the stage all these many years, to be in this state of affright!"

"He's cold as stone, Comfort!" said Desmoro, quakingly. "Shall we tell Mr. Jellico of this, and send for a doctor?"

"No, no!" was the quick reply.

"What shall we do then, Comfort? Who's to play his part, supposing he should not be able to do it himself?"

"Who's to play his part, Desmoro? Why, I will!"

"You, Comfort!" he repeated, in amazement.

"I!" she answered, courageously.

"Nonsense—nonsense, Comfort!"

"I know every syllable of the part, and I know also how it should be acted."

"Still it is sheer nonsense for you to think of attempting the part; Mr. Jellico would not suffer you to do so!"

"Mr. Jellico shall know nothing at all about the matter until it is too late to alter it! Sprinkle his face with a little water, and loosen his shirt collar," she continued, assisting Desmoro in endeavoring to recall the clown's fleeing senses. "Is there another suit of clothes in the wardrobe like unto these my father is wearing?" she inquired in quick and resolute accents.

"Comfort, you musn't think of doing such a thing! Let me dissuade you from this idea."

"No, no; it will be for my poor dad that I shall do it, Desmoro, remember that! What would you not do for a parent, had you one to serve—one like mine, so kind and loving? Don't fear my ability to get through the performance of my self-allotted task; you'll see I shall quite astonish you!"

Desmoro looked at the young girl in perfect wonder, and she went on.

"We shall have to deceive him in some way," said she, fanning Shavings' face. "See, he is recovering! Leave everything to my management," she added, in a lower voice.

"Are you better, dad?" asked she, as the clown opened wide his eyes, and wildly stared about.

No answer.

"Give him a glass of water, Desmoro; then get him to lie down for a while."

The young man did her bidding, and there lay poor Shavings more dead than alive, with his eyes closed, not heeding the presence of any one, but muttering to himself all the while.

Comfort now became alarmed at her father's state, and she was beginning to fear that a doctor would really be required.

Without a word, she dashed out of the room, and sought the worthy manager, to whom she at once communicated the fact of her parent's sudden illness and her own willingness to undertake the character he was to have sustained.

"I have all the words, sir," she pursued, in courageous accents, "and I am taller than dad."

"But Mr. Mackmillerman will be furious at having a female Osric," objected the perplexed manager. "Matters have already gone cross enough with him to-night; this fresh trouble will be a terrible annoyance to him. I'm afraid that he will throw up his engagement, and should he do so he will leave me in a painful position with the Braymount people, with whom he is a vast favorite. I really know not what to do! I wish from my heart's depths there had never been a Mr. Mackmillerman or a William Shakspeare. Go and get on the clothes, and let us make the best we can of the affair."

The young girl did not await a second bidding, she was gone to attire herself in male habiliments as one of the Court of Denmark, while Jellico repaired to Desmoro's room to inquire after the poor clown's condition.

Osric, although a character of no particular importance, is not one fit for a female to represent; and Desmoro was thinking as much, as he stood by Shavings' couch, during Comfort's absence from the room.

"Women," he thoughtfully repeated within himself—"women are never so truly beautiful as when they look and act as it befits such to look and act. In the clothes of a man, a woman loses all her grace and all her modesty as well. I wish Comfort would abandon her present intention; I should feel more happy if she would."

But Comfort was regarding the matter before her only in a business point of view; she was bestowing no single thought on its indelicacy.

Jellico sent for a doctor, who at once recommended Shavings to be removed to his lodgings, where he could have proper attention, and where

he would be quiet. The clown had an attack of brain fever, brought on by his late over-excitement, and he was in considerable danger. Comfort heard this intelligence with a fading cheek and quivering lips; but she went through her business calmly and courageously, and received much applause for the clever manner in which she enacted her part.

And the great star unbent himself towards the beautiful girl, and actually paid her a handsome compliment on her able performance of a character so utterly unsuited to her youth and her sex.

At the end of the tragedy poor Comfort's nerves gave way. She was not one to much indulge in tears, and she would fain have kept them back on this occasion, but her feelings were utterly beyond her control, and the salty drops flowed on.

In vain the delighted audience called for the actor; that gentleman was now bending over Comfort, whispering pretty nothings into the girl's heedless ears.

Desmoro was looking on, consumed with jealousy. He could not bear to see this man so close to Comfort, his arm half-clasping her waist, his breath stirring the tresses on her brow.

Still attired in her queenly robes, and looking majestically grim, Mrs. Polderbrant at this moment darted from behind a wing, and laid her bony hand upon Comfort's shoulder.

At the appearance of the heavy lady, Mr. Macmillerman uttered a characteristic growl, and started back a few paces, his arm still loosely flung around the young girl's form.

Had some fiend from the realms below suddenly started up before him, he could not have been more horrified than he was now at the sight of the old actress, standing close at his elbow, with her eagle-like eyes fixed upon him.

She did not utter a single word, but drawing Comfort away, led her to her dressing-room. Desmoro inwardly blest Mrs. Polderbrant, for whom he was beginning to entertain a certain amount of affection; and feeling more contented in his mind at seeing Comfort thus carried out of the immediate reach of Mr. Macmillerman, he at once sought his own apartment, and commenced disrobing himself.

It had been a night of more than common excitement to our hero, and his spirit was oppressed and strangely troubled. A vague dread of some approaching evil was filling his mind, a dread that seemed to increase the more he tried to shake it off.

In this state of mental uneasiness, Desmoro's thoughts wandered back to his grandfather, the village schoolmaster. Had the old man much regretted his absence, would he be glad to see him again?

Desmoro loved his kinsman dearly, but a new affection had taken root in his heart, an affection which was daily growing stronger and stronger, which was binding him to his present mode of life, more firmly than any iron bonds could have held him.

Desmoro accompanied Comfort home that night, and stepped into the house in order to make inquiries concerning Shavings' state.

The clown had been violently delirious, but the paroxysm was past, and he was now lying under the effects of a strong narcotic, which the doctor had just administered to him.

The landlady of the house, who appeared to be a very kind-hearted person, was in attendance upon the sick man, and promised that he should not want for any attention that she could render him.

Thus assured that his friend would receive every necessary care and comfort, Desmoro quitted the clown's lodgings, and made his way back to the theatre, which was now closed in every part.

Desmoro knocked at the stage-portal once, twice and thrice, before he was able to arouse its keeper, who growlingly demanded the name of his disturber.

"It is I!" answered Desmoro, somewhat impatiently. "You know well enough that I was out!"

The lock was turned, and the door was opened by Pidgers.

"I knowed nothin' o' the soot!" grumbled he in reply. "Do you fancy that I've got nout to do but to think about yo? Yo might be the Emperor of all Rossher to hear yo talk!"

Desmoro looked at the man in undisguised surprise.

"You might use less impertinent language, I'm sure," he observed.

"To yo?"

"Yes, to me!"

"Ho, ho! I sees mysel' a-doin' o' that, don't I?"

"Have you been drinking?" asked Desmoro, staring at the speaker in increasing astonishment.

"Yo'd better go an' tell Maister Jellico as much," returned Pidgers, insolently. "It would only be loike yer sneakin' ways to do so."

Desmoro writhed; but he controlled his rising anger.

"Give me a light, and hold your saucy tongue," he said, as calmly as he could.

"My saucy tongue!" echoed Pidgers. "An' what may yors be, I should like to know?"

"Mr. Jellico shall be informed of this, never fear!"

"Oh, I said so, didn't I?" blustered the Cerberus. "I knows what yo-are, I do; an' may be somebody else will be soon a findin' of yo out, yo red-handed cur, yo!"

Desmoro actually reeled backwards, as if a blow had just descended on him; his back against the wall, his mouth and eyes agape, and his fingers all tightly clenched together.

"Yo ain't gotten that red hand o' yourn fur nothin', yo—"

But the speaker was here interrupted by Desmoro, who suddenly seized him by the throat.

"Another word, dog, about my red hand," he cried, between his set teeth, his wrath fully aroused,—"another syllable about it, and you shall never breathe again!"

Pidgers was now pinned against the wall, Desmoro's superior strength holding him there, despite the vigorous struggles he was making in order to free himself.

"I'll pur (kick) thee to death some day!" gasped the Cerberus—his face of a purple hue, his language according to his own county.

"Yes, and that you shall, when you can get a chance of so doing," answered Desmoro. "There, you hound, I disdain to further soil my hands with you! Give me a light," added the young man, as he spoke, hurling Pidgers across the room. "Come, be quick!"

The man dropped into a chair, his head on his breast—his features now blanched and convulsed.

"I ain't finished with yo just yet," gasped he. "Wait awhile, an' yo shall see!"

"Give me a light, dog!" repeated Desmoro, haughtily.

"Ise not! Get a light for yorsel'!" answered Pidgers, sullenly, his face now dark as a thunder-cloud. "An' tell Maister Jellico whaten yo please."

"That I shall do without your permission," rejoined our hero, in disdainful syllables.

Here Pidgers reluctantly ignited an oil lamp, and laid it on the table.

He spoke not, but he had bitter feelings in his breast.

Desmoro took up the lamp, and, without condescending to utter another word, sought the way to his own apartment; at which arrived, he threw himself on a seat, laid his face on his folded arms, and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, if I were not so sensitive!" he exclaimed, within himself. "If I could but close my ears to the rude speeches of the vulgar and the heartless! Red hand!" he continued, gazing at his stained palm. "Great heaven! how that name pursues me, and how I dread to hear it repeated! I'd like to lose sight of the horrid disfigurement—to lop off the limb as I would the rotten branch from a tree! Oh, my dead mother! from your home above the skies, look down upon your poor boy—look down upon and protect him!"

CHAPTER XII.

"Maybe I'll not forget bein' throttled by yo!" uttered Pidgers, as Desmoro disappeared. "I'll be hanged rather than not hev my revenge on yo," he added, shaking his clenched hands threateningly in the air, and hissing out his words rather than speaking them. "But I won't be in no hurry, my foine feller; I'll wait until I can get a strong pull at yo, and then look out, that's all, I says to yo at present, my Jack-o'-dandy!"

So saying, the Cerberus crept under his blankets, and composed himself to rest.

But the man's dark thoughts banished all rest from his pillow.

He was thinking of Comfort, of beautiful Comfort Shavings, whose fresh feminine charms were daily bursting into view, and sleep refused to visit his eyelids. He hated Desmoro, and he was meditating upon the means he could devise in order to crush him. Pidgers had no religious faith; he acknowledged no creed whatever, and therefore owned neither honesty of principles nor compunction. He was a man who, seeing an obstacle to his wishes, would heed but little the means by which he could remove that obstacle. A human being in his way would be no more regarded by him than a straw. His heart was hard as adamant, his passions fierce and uncontrollable as the storm-lashed ocean.

Brood, brood, brood, until at last sleep overpowered him, and wrapped his senses in forgetfulness of all around him.

Mrs. Symure had withdrawn from the dining-room, and Colonel Symure was left alone with his brother who had only arrived at Braymount a few hours ago.

Percy Symure was now a grey-haired man, bulky in person, with a florid face, and a slightly husky voice. He was an indolent man, loving good eating and drinking, and living for little else; and for his principles, they were just as lax as ever they had been.

Colonel Symure, whose heart was filled with one particular object, had prepared himself to speak to his brother of Desmoro Desmoro. Caroline had quitted the room: now was his time to speak without any fear of being interrupted.

Percy was sipping his wine, and the Colonel was absently toying with his empty glass.

"I don't think the air of Braymount agrees with you, Des," the elder gentleman remarked. "You are not looking so well as I expected to see you looking. I wish you'd quit the army, and live a free life in London, or Paris; I, myself, prefer the latter place—the French cuisine is so deuced fine!"

Colonel Symure hemmed twice, but his voice proceeded no further. He was fearful that his brother would not understand his feelings—that he would not assist him in carrying out his intentions as regarded Desmoro Desmoro, hence his present hesitation and embarrassment.

"Why don't you do as I advise, Des?" pursued Percy. "Caroline says she hates a military life, and I am sure you yourself don't care much about it. Why do you so cling to it?"

"Because my soul recoils at the bare idea of

being wholly dependent on a rich wife. My profession prevents me from being so far humiliated as that."

"Humiliated!" echoed the elder brother, with a light laugh. "What a queer fellow you are, Des; you're not a whit wiser than you were nearly seventeen years ago. Jove! what scrapes you did contrive to get yourself into in those bygone days! Do you remember that Nole—Nole—confound the name of the place, I have it on the very tip of my tongue—Nole—"

"Noleman's Hill," flushed the Colonel.

"Ah, that's it! Do you remember that Noleman's Hill business, Des? And how fortunately I was spared a journey from London to that out-of-the-way place?"

"Yes, Percy, I recollect all about it, and it is concerning that particular business that I wish to speak to you now."

"Eh!" exclaimed Percy, suddenly putting down his upraised glass.

"You can call to mind the fact of my having a son born to me, I suppose?" said the Colonel, gaining fresh courage as he proceeded.

"A son, Des! You? Oh, ah, to be sure I can! What a predicament you were in at that time, weren't you? Well, well, you got out of it capitally, didn't you?"

"No, Percy; not capitally, but disgracefully, heartlessly, and wickedly."

"Eh! what on earth do you mean?" was the alarmed question. "Really, Des, you have become a very strange fellow!"

"Have I?" returned the Colonel, with a wan smile and a sigh. "I only wish that I had always felt as I feel now."

"Pon honor, if I can comprehend you!"

"Listen, Percy. I am no longer a young man; I am arrived at an age when my soul yearns for something more solid and enduring than the mere frivolities of fashionable life. I have an empty heart—for Caroline, although my wife, occupies no single atom of it. Well, can you wonder when I tell you I am longing for that son of mine, born in lawful wedlock at Noleman's Hill, where it was left, utterly parentless, to struggle through the world, even as chance might have it?"

"Des!"

"Don't interrupt me, Percy," cried the Colonel, excitedly—"hear me out. I have found my deserted son!"

"Bless me!"

"Found him amongst a set of strolling actors and—"

"Stop, stop! you are confounding me, Des," Percy exclaimed, his face becoming redder than usual, but his outward manner remaining perfectly undisturbed. "Found your son amongst a set of strolling actors! The deuce! Explain, my dear fellow; but do so in a calm, rational manner, I beg; don't ruffle my nerves with any startling announcement, or a fit of the gout may be the consequence to me. I hope to heaven you have not told Caroline anything about this business. I fancied she was looking vexed and worried about something or other; you've not been making a dolt of yourself, have you? Women, you know, have no need to be informed about all things. I never tell Lucy a word about my doings, and she never expects me to do so. Goodness knows, she teases me enough as it is; then what would she do were she to be made the repository of all my shortcomings and peccadilloes!" And Percy chuckled and drained his wine-glass.

"Well, go on, Des," he said, preparing himself to listen.

"Well, having found my son, Percy, I have a wish to claim him."

"Claim him, Des!" burst forth the listener.

"Are you going mad?"

"On the contrary, quite; I am just coming to my senses."

"You are waiting to acknowledge that Noleman's Hill brat?"

"Who is my legitimate and only child—yes!" "Dear, dear!" returned Percy, fretfully. "I came down here for peace and quietness, Des—for Lucy was wearing the life out of me at home—and it appears that I have only escaped from one evil to encounter another—another of greater magnitude. How on earth did you manage to recognise your offspring? I trust you've not been imposed upon in any way! You were always a most credulous fellow, whom I had the greatest possible difficulty in keeping out of all sorts of mischief. Acknowledge a son!—the son of a schoolmaster's daughter! You, a Symure! Whatever will Caroline say to all this? I know what Lucy would say to me in such a case! By Jove, Des, do reflect a little upon what you are about to do! If you claim this boy, and introduce him to the world as your own, you may depend on't that you will have no more domestic happiness."

"Domestic happiness, Percy! Pshaw! Where Caroline is, there never will be any true happiness for me!"

The elder brother shrugged his shoulders.

"This son of mine is a splendid young fellow—a credit to the name of Symure," pursued the Colonel, very warmly. "We, in our youth, had more than a common share of personal pretensions, but we had not a tithe of his good looks, for he has all his dead mother's sweetness of expression, and an inborn dignity which springs from a pure and noble mind. I've only seen him once, Percy, but that once has worked a perfect reformation in all my thoughts and feelings, and I love this lad as though he had been reared by my side, and had grown into my heart for years and years, and I am ready to risk everything in order to gather him to my breast, and hear him call me father."

Percy Symure stared at the speaker for a few

seconds, as if unable to credit the evidence of his ears.

"You are mad, surely, Des," breathed he, his eyes still fixed on his brother's face. "By what unlucky clue did you discover this branch of your family tree?"

"You remember that he was born with a red hand?"

"No, I remember nothing of the sort. How should I do so, since it was so advisable for us to forget all about him?"

"Well, I had not lost the memory of that mother's mark which he bears, and which led me to recognize him at a single glance."

"And what are you going to do, Des?" asked his brother. "You have not compromised yourself in any way with the lad—you have not spoken to him?"

"Not yet; but I have written to him, telling him that a friend of his father wishes to see him."

"Des, you are going the way to ruin—to absolute ruin!" said Percy Symure, in an emphatic manner. "For heaven's sake desist in this frantic-brained business while yet there is time to desist in it! If you are determined to persevere in your folly, I must leave you at once, else I shall have a fit of the gout on me; and—"

"Percy, have some honesty; and for your manhood's sake, be less selfish. By your advice, I plunged myself into a heinous sin; I deserted my own child; help—help me now to repair the wrong I did!"

"Help you to make a smpleton of yourself, Colonel Symure!" he returned, his countenance of a purple hue; "not I, indeed! I'm in hot water enough at home with Lucy; I'm not going to get into any here with your peppery Caroline, Jove! If I had but known of all this, Braymount would never have seen me—never!"

"You refuse to give me either your advice or your aid in this business, Percy?"

"Distinctly and decidedly I do. I'll have nothing at all to do or say in the matter; and I shall be off to London to-morrow. Mind, if Caroline gets to hear of this affair, you are a wretched man for life."

And with these words, Percy Symure started up from the table, and the brothers, together made their way to the drawing-room.

Colonel Symure was very silent all the remainder of that evening, and sadder than even he had been before. He was deeming himself one of the most miserable men alive, and was inwardly groaning over the troubles he had brought upon himself. He would not, if he could help it, talk any more with his brother on the subject of Desmoro; he would not even allude to that subject again. No, he would follow the impulses of his own newly-awakened feelings, and seek counsel from none. His brother Percy was more selfish now than ever, and he had nothing to hope for from him in any way.

Well, Mr. Symure, being left at rest, did not return to London as he had threatened to do, but remained to saunter about Braymount and its neighborhood, to waste his time in looking under every bonnet he met, and in writing long and affectionately-worded letters to Lucy, concerning whom he did not care a single dot.

Meanwhile, Caroline, full of mean and unworthy doubts, kept a close watch upon all her husband's looks, words and actions.

He could scarcely stir but she was at his heels, dogging his steps hither and thither, with inquiring and angry looks. He had few chances of quitting home, save on a pretence of attending to his military duties, and as he was afraid of his wife following him, he remained in-doors, fretting and fuming the weary time away in longing for that which he could not get an opportunity of reaching.

And thus day succeeded day without his being able to invent any plan by which he might gain an interview with Desmoro, or learn whether or not he had received his communication.

Sometimes the Colonel was on the brink of making a confident of his wife; but further reflection always checked his tongue, and kept it still. Yet he feared that she must one day be informed of all, for he could not, would not, keep this aching secret thus for ever in his own breast, there to gnaw his very life away. Oh! if he had but the courage to openly avow to her his past weaknesses, his past wrong-doings! But no, he had not the fortitude to do so just yet; he would wait a little longer, and see how chance would aid him.

Thus, withheld by his coward fears, he still continued in his reticence, and in his mental anguish also; his state uncared for and unnoticed by his careless and selfish brother.

Round Pidgers' throat the next morning there were certain purple marks—the marks of Desmoro's fingers. These discolored streaks Pidgers saw when he looked in the piece of looking-glass he had.

"I'll mak him pay me for these," he said, within himself, as he examined his neck all round about. "Ise gotten a scheme in my head that'll floor my foine gentleman completely! I'll let him see that I ain't a-go'in' to be twisted and throttled by him fur nothin'. Perhaps he thinks that I ain't made o' the same soot o' stuff loike as hissel', an' that he cau knock me thisens an' thatens, jist for his own partic'lar pleasure! Wait awhile—that's all!"

Then the Cerberus seated himself before his fire and proceeded with his dark thoughts: weaving a subtle plan whereby he hoped to crush the unsuspecting and innocent Desmoro.

(To be continued.)

FLORENCE CARR.

A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON THE BRINK.

It was not a merry Christmas Day for the family at Rosendale Rectory.

The shock which Lady Helen Beltram had received was too recent to be healed in so short a time; and though John Gresham came daily and tried to atone in his respectful, courteous manner for his brother's faults, his attentions were naturally given in appearance at least to the aunt instead of the niece.

Thus, Lady Helen, though far from being heartbroken, was sad and depressed; Miss Stanhope was what I may term crabbed, and the Rev. and Hon. Sidney was as much of a bear and a bore as it was possible for such a perfect and well-bred gentleman to be.

Indeed, a change had come over the reverend and honorable during the last few weeks—a change that was most decidedly anything but an improvement.

The Beltrams had been invited to spend Christmas with some of their aristocratic relatives, but the invitation was declined for many reasons, first among them being the impossibility of the rector leaving his clerical duties to be performed by a substitute; and second, Lady Helen's engagement being looked upon in the light of a misalliance, she having no desire to be either lectured or patronised had likewise expressed her desire to be allowed to remain at home.

As I have said, Christmas Day was a dull one at the rectory.

True, the morning service at the church close by took up part of the time, and the very pretty manner in which the sacred edifice was decorated called forth a wistful smile of approbation from the seemingly preoccupied preacher.

The sermon this morning was unusually fervid; the speaker seemed carried away by the intensity of his feelings.

There was no afternoon service, consequently the clergyman's public duties for the time were over.

Accustomed as his aunt and sister were to his strange and singular conduct, they were surprised, nay, even alarmed when on their return, he, after the merest pretext of eating a little lunch, went out into the driving snow, saying in answer to their inquiry that he was only going for a walk.

Strange weather in which to take an aimless walk they thought, though they dared not attempt to detain him.

Still stranger would they have thought it, could they have seen him wandering away from the town towards the moors and through the deep and still falling snow.

He is alone, and he speaks to the white mass of spotless frozen flakes that fall around him.

"Why fall upon me, ye emblems of purity? Is it to bury me under your soft weight, or clasp me in your death-like embrace?"

"Am I the first man who has been tempted, fought, and even fallen?" he demanded again, after a pause.

"Did not one of old, my Divine Master, feel what temptation is? Aye, forty days and forty nights he wandered in the wilderness fasting, and tempted.

"But his temptation was not like mine; it could not have been, else would he have yielded to it, as my weak body would have succumbed under the long fast.

"What blasphemy am I talking?" he continued, passing his thin wasted hand over his aching, burning eyes. "He was divine, I am human, so human that I am weak as the weakest, and well-nigh mad.

"Mad!" he went on presently, in a more excited tone. "I must be mad; there is no other solution to it. My brain and heart are on fire. My eyes throb, and ache, aye, though pure white snow fall upon, and cool, and calm me."

And he uncovered his head, and still walked on, meeting the white flakes which lighted like feathers on his dark hair, and melted as they touched his burning face and forehead.

Unheeding where he went, he had not proceeded but a few steps when the treacherous

snow gave way, and he fell face forward and arms extended, into the snowdrift.

It is surprising how very closely the tragic verges upon the ridiculous.

A moment before, and you would have pitied this poor bewildered soul, whose peace of mind was gone, lost on the rock of his own self-esteem, and whose very reason seemed drifting to the same perilous point.

Now, however, though his physical danger was far greater, as he fell in the snowdrift, out of which it seemed doubtful, for a second, whether he would be able to crawl, there was, without doubt, something very laughable in his position.

He was out at last, panting, breathing with difficulty, and his limbs more than half-frozen.

Home, to his own warm fireside, that was the thought which now came uppermost in his mind.

More than three hours had elapsed from the time of his leaving the rectory before he returned to it.

"I am half-frozen," he said to his astonished man; "help me to change my clothes, and tell the housekeeper to send me some hot water and brandy to my study."

ago, and being unneeded, had been put aside, almost forgotten until the present moment.

Trembling with eagerness to hold the fatal drug in his hands, he went to the desk, unlocked, opened and found it.

The preparation was in the form of a white powder, and he took the glass which had held the brandy and water, intending to mix and make liquid the poison he intended to swallow.

Even as he was about to pour out the contents of the bottle, the thought flashed across his mind, not only that he was unfit to die, but that his worldly affairs required some adjustment.

He paused and hesitated.

Should he write a letter or leave any sign or evidence behind to show that his act was voluntary, and not the deed of a madman?

His hesitation was soon cast aside, however. It was the deed of a desperate madman.

Why try to deny it?

The one solitary loophole of escape from dragging others to perdition as well as himself, and he pulled the stopper of the bottle with an impatience which it, for an instant, resisted.

He is about to pour it out, he will drink it all, when a voice in the hall, out of which the study

door, and Lady Helen, who had but just heard of her brother's return, covered with snow, entered the room.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME."

Misery, like mist, is uncommonly partial to certain localities; and the places we have visited this identical Christmas Day, cottage, prison, and rectory, have not presented either the most brilliant or cheerful scenes imaginable.

If you wish for something brighter, suppose you come with me, on this same snowy day, to a house in the same dismal, silent town, standing close to a mill, with lights from the ruddy fires in the rooms, shining like occasional flashes of beauty and wit upon the window-panes.

We left the "sax gals," as their father William Garston called them, venting their opinions pretty freely about the apple of discord which Ben had so imprudently introduced into the family.

Mary expected that the day which brought Edwin Leinster to her father's house to see what Ben's treasure was, would likewise have brought with it a declaration of the young artist's love for herself.

"Take me while I'm in the humour," is by no means such bad advice as some people may fancy, and half the offers which are declined with thanks, would without doubt, have been accepted if only proffered when expected, and at the right time.

Edwin Leinster had come to Oldham, sympathised with the distressed daughters, Mary especially, looked unutterable things, but ended by advising them to make the best of their noisy and adopted brother.

Of course it was an aggravation added to all the other circumstances, but the baby would scream.

Never was there such a noisy youngster in a quiet household, and the way in which he used his lungs was truly wonderful.

William Garston was in ecstasies, indeed I don't think he was ever so much enchanted at the performances of any of his own children, while the only word I can find to express the feelings of his daughters was disgust. Even old Betty shook her head.

Very annoying and mortifying for a family of daughters no doubt, when too their mother was dead, yet what could they do?

So the days and weeks rolled on.

Christmas Day had come, and Mary, who had been vainly hoping and even trying to bring the artist, who often came to visit them, to the point, had given the matter up; at least, she said so, and transferred her attentions, one would hope her affections, to a wealthy manufacturer old enough to be her father, who used to come from Manchester, where he resided, to Oldham once or twice a week, it was supposed to see Mr. Garston, and transact business in the town.

Mr. Ashleigh, for that was the gentleman's name, was a widower, but what did that matter?—especially as his late wife, some ten years deceased, had not left, or indeed ever presented him with a living pledge of her affection.

In addition to this, Mr. Ashleigh was rich, wanted a wife, and who could be more suitable in his eyes than pretty Mary Garston?

If Mary had possessed half as much patience as beauty, she would have saved herself and others no slight amount of pain; but though patience is a virtue, it is by no means a common one, and that Mary was deficient in it may be laid down as one of her misfortunes rather than her fault.

Edwin Leinster might have pleaded, not without cause, that two months was a very short time in which to discover whether or not a girl would make him a suitable and good wife; but Mary was impatient, impatient to be married and to get away from the influence of "that squalling brat," and in her own mind she gave the artist up to a certain time, the twentieth of December, in fact, in which to win her, after which date she determined that to the first who asked her, she would say "yes."

Unhappily for Mary, the twentieth of December came and went without the momentous question being propounded; Mr. Ashleigh was to spend Christmas Day at Oldham, and though Leinster had likewise been invited it was more than doubtful whether he would be able to come.

So Mary Garston, not without a struggle, it is



"A VOICE IN THE HALL MADE SIDNEY PAUSE AND HESITATE."

And so saying he went up to his own room, from which he appeared a few minutes after in dry garments.

Unused as he was to indulge in stimulants, the hot brandy and water soon set the frozen limbs in a glow of heat.

It brought back also the thoughts and madness which had led him to wander off upon the moor.

Was he to fail in gaining what he craved, and yet to be haunted by this Nemesis of his broken vow?

But a strange mood had come upon him.

A state of feeling in which men do strange, awful deeds, yet without any outward excitement to mark them as desperate or insane.

Why not end this?—he asked himself.

Since life was such a burden, why not cast it off?

True, suicide was called a sin, but life was full of sin; it met the soul at every turn, every thought, every action, and why should one crime be greater than another?

At least Sidney Beltram himself would be the only sufferer; he would not inflict pain or disgrace upon others, he would not propagate misery and shame, he alone would be the victim.

His mad, sinful passion demanded it, he told himself, and the terrible sacrifice should be made.

The fire of madness, self-delusion, call it what you will, was in his brain. It seemed as though a new avenue of escape from the passion that consumed him, the conscience that stood before him like a grim demon, was opened to him, and he rose from his seat and walked about the room, a new light, the light of a desperation that was almost insanity, in his wild dark eyes.

When a temptation of this kind arises in any human mind, the means of its execution is seldom far off.

It was so in the present instance.

Suicide being decided upon, how was it to be accomplished?

Almost with the question came the answer.

He had in a desk, he remembered but too well, a small bottle containing morphia.

It had been purchased, as a medicine months

led, sounded on his ear, made him pause, hesitate, and turn almost as white as the deadly powder he held in his hand.

The voice was that of a man, rough, coarse, brutal. He had heard it but once, he thought, but the time, place, and scene rushed back upon him now with the overmastering power of memory.

Yes, the man was asking for him, would see him. He heard it all; life had not yet done with him, and the would-be suicide closed the bottle, thrust it into his pocket, and threw himself into a chair before the blazing fire, anxious to hide every trace of his premeditated crime.

The strong, rough voice was importunate, would not be denied, and the servant, not knowing what else to do, came to his master in this dilemma.

"Very well, show him in," was the reply.

And the next moment the man returned, ushering in the owner of the voice, the man we met this morning at Moll Arkshaw's door, Bob Brindley.

Sidney Beltram received his visitor with a nod, not of recognition, but simply in acknowledgment of his presence, ordered the servant to retire, and then calmly inquired the man's business.

"I'll take a chair, first," said Bob, throwing himself into a seat, stretching his feet so that his wet, heavy boots rested on the fender, thrusting his hands in his trousers pockets, keeping his hat on, and looking at his companion insolently.

Beltram was no physical coward. It was a mental conflict which had shaken and shattered his heart, mind, and brain, as it had done, and at the present moment, clergyman and would-be saint as he was, the impulse to fly at his intruder's throat, and throw him out of the house was almost too strong to be resisted.

"Yo," don't know me, I s'pose," continued Bob, unawed by Beltram's flashing eye.

"No, and I can't say I have any desire to do so. If you have any business with me, state it quickly, and go."

"Eigh, mon, I'll go," laughed the man, mockingly.

But at that moment a tap sounded on the

true, determined to drive the image of the fair-haired handsome artist from her mind, and consider Mr. Ashleigh's gold a sufficient equivalent for the decidedly silver streaks which had begun to show themselves upon his head.

The Garstons were anything but fashionable people, and consequently one o'clock was considered by them to be a very proper and reasonable hour for dinner.

And there was Mr. Ashleigh, looking his very best, feeling on the very best terms with himself, and regarding Mary with an eye which Martha mentally assured herself meant business.

All present did ample justice to the good cheer, with one exception, for Mary Garston's appetite was gone with anxious expectation, for Mr. Ashleigh was the only guest, and she felt rather than knew that before the day was over, he would ask her to become his wife.

When the critical moment arrives, it is not quite so easy to dash one's youthful hopes aside as in our calmer moments we thought it would be, and as fate would have it, Mr. Ashleigh, who had no idea that it could be anything but possible for a young girl to love him, construed her nervous timidity as a sign of her partiality for himself, and determined to keep the poor child no longer in suspense.

I am afraid Martha had something to do in this precipitation, though her hand did not appear in the matter. Indeed she was more than anxious that her sister should accept Ashleigh, for then she told herself she might stand a chance with Leinster.

So it happened that after dinner, Mr. Garston went into his counting house, for the house joined the mill, to take a smoke and a nap, the girls gradually dropped out of the circle, I am afraid in consequence of a previous hint from Martha, and Mr. Ashleigh and Mary found themselves before the drawing-room fire alone.

The moment had come, and Mary felt inclined to take to her heels and bolt.

Indeed she half rose from her chair, when her sentimental companion laid his hand upon hers, entreated her to remain, adding that he had something important he wished to say to her.

With a very red face, and an inclination either to laugh or cry, the girl complied, and the gentleman, secure in his success, began—

"I hope, dear Mary, you have understood the feelings with which for some time past I have regarded you, and that I have not been mistaken in believing that you reciprocate them."

No answer.

"You must know, my dear girl, how I love you," he continued, drawing, not without difficulty, his chair close to her side.

Silence still; the inclination to cry gaining slightly the predominance.

"And therefore," continued the placid suitor, "you cannot be surprised when I ask you to become my wife. Mary, will you have me?"

The tears were driven back with a great effort.

Married she would be, and show Edwin Leinster that she could do without him, that he had made too sure of her; and utterly forgetful of the importance of her hasty thoughts, she said, without the least sign of fear or hesitation—

"Yes."

"My darling, I knew you would," and his lips pressed a kiss on her hot, blushing face.

It was done, and like one in a dream, the young girl sat and listened, and even replied to her mature suitor, thinking not of the happiness he spoke of, but of that which she had by this act placed utterly beyond her reach.

Mistaking her silence and absent, constrained manner for maiden coyness, and desire to think over the new vista of bliss opened to her view, Mr. Ashleigh, availing himself once more of a lover's privilege, pressed another kiss on her passive cheek, and rose to seek her father, ask his consent, and announce the engagement to her sisters.

Just at that identical moment, when the grey and brown hair seemed to meet, the door of the room opened, and a quick, firm step crossed the threshold, and a voice which sent all the blood tingling like fire through the girl's frame, said—

"Better late than never. I told you I would come if possible, Miss Mary. Ah, Mr. Ashleigh, how do you do?"

Suddenly the expression of the faces before him made the young man pause, even turn pale, but he recovered himself in a moment, advanced, shook hands with the couple, and took up his place on the hearth rug, in a position which convinced Mr. Ashleigh he intended to stay there.

But why need he care for the young man now he had won the prize? The entrance of one of the other girls gave him the opportunity of seeking his host, and settling the matter at once.

So he left the room, and the child who had been sent in by Martha to see how the land lay, speedily followed.

No sooner were they alone, than the young man was at Mary's side, holding her hand in his own, and saying, in passionate accents—

"Mary, I thought you loved me."

It was too late, but Mary's pride would not allow her to admit the fact, and she snatched her hand away, looked at him with defiance, and said hotly—

"Did you? Then you made a mistake; you'd better tell the same tale to Martha."

"Thank you, I will," was the reply, and in another second, she was left in the room alone.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

VALENTINES.

It was not until Monday morning that William Bolton was brought up before the magistrates on the charge of having robbed his employer, Frank Gresham, of a considerable sum of money in gold and notes, besides some valuable papers that were also in the safe that had been broken open.

Very pale and stern the prisoner looked as he stood there before his accusers, bewildered at the charge and circumstances brought against him, unable to explain or refute them, except with the assertion, which went for nothing—

"I am innocent: I know nothing about it."

The evidence of his guilt, however, seemed clear and conclusive enough.

Mr. Gresham's head clerk swore to having locked up the safe as usual with the stolen property in it, on leaving business on Wednesday evening; when he arrived the next morning, the safe had been forced open, and the property gone.

The police were sent for, search made, and a penknife bearing the prisoner's name was found on the ground, having evidently dropped out of the burglar's pocket.

Evidence was likewise forthcoming to show that the accused had been engaged in the mill, mending and repairing some machinery, and therefore was well acquainted with the plan and geography of the building.

Next came the details of his arrest, the search of his house, all of which we are acquainted with, and the effects on the minds of even the most partial could but be that he was guilty.

Indeed, there was nothing, no single atom of evidence which he could adduce to testify to his innocence.

It was useless trying to prove where he was on this particular Wednesday night, because no specified time was pointed out.

Neither could he deny that the penknife was his, though he did assert he had lost it some months previously.

Such an assertion of course went for nothing, and he was unhesitatingly committed for trial at the next assizes.

The young man bowed his head when he heard the decision.

He could expect nothing else, he told himself; there was some terrible conspiracy woven around him, from which he could see no possible escape, out of which it seemed no one could help him.

Indeed, a feeling like despair settled upon him when he was taken back to his cell; struggling seemed worse than useless, and he buried his face in his hands and yielded unresistingly to his destiny.

"Committed for trial at the Lent assizes at Lancaster." Such were the words that fell on poor Moll Arkshaw's ears, as she went off into a violent fit of hysterics, and had to be carried out of court.

Frank Gresham was there.

He had watched his victim's face, seen the agony he suffered, and noticed how eagerly and restlessly the prisoner's eyes have wandered over every face in court, then remained fixed on the door, as though hoping and looking for one who never came.

Others might think it some important witness he was hoping and waiting for, but Frank Gresham, by some subtle instinct, knew better—knew it was the face of the woman they both so madly loved that he was thinking of, almost forgetting, in his anxiety to see her, the terrible peril in which he stood.

But his watching was vain, the looked-for face came not. She was indifferent to his fate, careless of what he suffered, probably believed him guilty, and in her heart derided Moll for her grief and anxiety.

It was an added pang, however, that was all. She had told him that she had no thought or care for him, and she was proving it now by going to work as usual, as though his life and liberty were of no earthly moment to her.

Nor indeed were they.

Strange as it may seem, she believed more firmly in his innocence of the crime he was charged with than did his mother; almost more implicitly than did Moll herself, for she saw, or believed she saw, the aim and purpose of the conspiracy, and she laughed wickedly and scornfully to think how all these men were her victims and dupes.

I said she would not take Moll Arkshaw's lover from her, and it was true. She would not take him for herself, from a variety of reasons, but if the man liked to make a fool of himself, get in other people's way and desert Moll, it was in her opinion, at least, clearly no business of hers, and whatever the consequences might be, he must take them.

So she had gone to work as usual with very little doubt as to what the magistrates' decision would be; sorry for Moll and for her infatuation for a worthless fellow who cared so little about her, but her very pity and compassion were tainted with a dash of contemptuous bitterness.

Could the mill owner have known how very indifferent were Florence's feelings towards the man whom he had thus loaded with infamy, it is more than probable that he would have paused and tried to undo, or at least have left unfinished as far as possible his vile work.

But though the mill owner was secretly glad that Florence did not appear in court, or was to be seen near it, he could not but believe that this man stood in his way, that some secret understanding existed between them that might thwart or disappoint his own hopes.

In addition to this, a fierce hatred and jealousy towards the young mechanic had taken possession

of his mind, which would in itself have sufficed to make him eager to crush or dispose of him.

Thus the mill owner went back to his dinner, which he ate with as much relish as though he had performed some great and meritorious action, instead of having compassed the ruin of an innocent man, and the misery of two poor, weak, helpless women.

That same day William Bolton was sent off to Lancaster to be imprisoned there and await his trial, and none who knew the evidence or facts of the case were sanguine enough to hope for an acquittal.

Fortunately for Moll, the absolute necessity of being obliged to work for her daily bread threw off to a great extent the crushing grief that must otherwise have overwhelmed her, and diverted her mind from brooding too deeply upon her sorrow.

She still worked at Gresham's mill. Indeed, work was not so plentiful this year as to allow her to throw up her place there, unless indeed, as she almost feared, she would by the spinner's orders be dismissed from it.

But Frank Gresham had quite another game to play from that. It was certainly not his purpose to drive away Florence from his employment, and, of course, where Moll went, Florence would be pretty sure to go too.

Besides, here was an opportunity of cheaply exhibiting a certain amount of generosity, and instead of ordering the girls to be dismissed, he desired the foreman to see that they had plenty of the most profitable work to do.

Indeed, so kind was he, indirectly, of course, that Moll more than once entertained the idea of either going herself or inducing Florence to intercede with him for the prisoner.

When spoken to upon the subject, however, Florence most decidedly objected, urging that such an act would at once be taken as a declaration of Willie Bolton's guilt.

So poor Moll, out of consideration for her lover's safety, was deterred from taking the only step which could by any possibility have helped to save him.

Whatever plots or plans might be laid or revolving around them, the two girls at this time lived together as though the present would last for ever; and Florence, whose temperament was none of the most patient, became fretful, irritable, and began to think seriously of shifting her destiny to some wider and more appreciated field.

Working as she was now doing for a bare subsistence, was not at all according to her notions. The world held more for her, must afford her more in power, pleasure, or luxury than it now gave.

She had regained her health and conscious beauty.

No rose could boast of a more delicate bloom than that which tinged her fair cheek.

Her bright eyes seemed luminous as stars, and her beautifully-moulded features could scarcely be enhanced by the rich masses of dark brown hair which clustered around them.

Dangerously beautiful, with a subtle power of fascination which could even influence her own sex, what wonder that she was dissatisfied with the life of toil and hardship which she now led?—especially if, as appeared certain, her previous life had not been passed in it.

In any case she could not bear it much longer—would not, she added, with a fierce flash in her dark grey eyes, so dark that with their black brows and lashes, you would at a distance take them for being of the same color.

Since that night when he had behaved so strangely, she had not been troubled or accosted by the clergyman.

True, she sometimes caught him looking at her as she went to or came from work, but he never spoke, never came near her, and she could only think of the scene as one does of a haunting nightmare, or troubled dream.

Everything seemed to lag; the thaw set in, and made the town look like a place the normal condition of which was thick, slimy mud, while the huge chimneys belched forth their columns of black smoke as though determined that even the blue sky itself should be tainted with the general gloom.

Thus the new year set in, bringing, however, no festivities and bright hopes to poor Moll. February had come, and with it, the near approach of St. Valentine's Day.

It is scarcely in the nature of any woman, be she ever so callous, to be utterly regardless of Cupid's favors, especially when they come in an anonymous guise and substantial form; and Florence Carr felt her cold heart throb with expectation, when, on returning to dinner on Valentine's Day, she saw two small white packets addressed to herself on the table.

I hope you do not suppose that because this young person returned the earrings and other presents which the young mill owner, her master had sent her, that she was insensible to their value or beauty.

On the contrary, it was not because she did not admire or covet the things, or that she declined them on account of the quarter from whence they came.

By no means.

It was the manner in which they came.

The implied price for what she had no idea of selling at such a rate, and the conviction that the thought of marriage with her would never enter the young man's head if there were the remotest shadow of a hope of his winning her on any other terms.

Perilous as the experiment was—doubly so to her, she was convinced that only by making a good match, could be attained any firm and solid position in the world; and she cared too little

for Frank Gresham, too little for any of the men whose peace of mind was being shattered by her, to regard them in any other light than as so many puppets to be used for her own ends and selfish purposes.

Those who, judging from her simple modest-looking face, almost saintly sweetness of expression, thought her so innocent and child-like, too good for this rough, wicked world of ours, would have shrunk from her with loathing could they have seen the heart and brain which that faultless exterior covered.

Little, indeed, could they dream that her beauty covered a pitfall, and was nothing better than a mask and a snare.

But to return to the valentines,

There was one for Moll and two for Florence. Moll opened hers indifferently, then threw it down in disgust, for it contained a *carte de visite*, with the words written underneath "Your Valentine;" an ugly valentine, as anyone would say who had ever seen Bob Brindley, for his photograph it was.

Meanwhile Florence, with nervous fingers, broke the seal of the first of her epistles.

To be candid, she would much have preferred opening them when she was alone, but this would have excited her companion's suspicions.

The packet was opened at last, and contained not a copy of verses, or pair of gloves, nor an unlimited quantity of fancy paper and gold Cupids, but four new, crisp Bank of England notes for five pounds each, with the simple inscription inside the envelope in a man's handwriting "With St. Valentine's love."

"Good Lord," exclaimed Moll, lifting up her hands in genuine surprise, "who could have sent thee that?"

"I can't imagine," was the pleased reply. "There is no address or name, so I must keep it, for I don't know where to send the notes back to."

"Keep 'em: aye, I should think thee would, I wish somebody'd send me such a valentine; I'd keep 'em sure enough, and I'd know what to do wi' 'em too."

"Well, Moll, I won't be greedy; here's one of them for you."

"For me—five pound for me? Nay, thou dost na mean it, Florence."

"Indeed I do—there it is. I suppose they are all good ones; it would be too bad if some one were playing a jest upon us."

"Aye, they be good enough, and this be for me? Why, I'll go to Lawyer Netley with it at once. Never mind my dinner; I don't care not about it. I canna eat; and the lawyer will get a man with a wig and a gown on like the parson wears to speak for Willie at the assizes. Don't stop me, lass; thee'rt a good un, and I thanks thee for't."

And with a hurried kiss Moll went off, regardless of her dinner, to take the bank note to the lawyer engaged for the defence of William Bolton, so that he might obtain the services of a barrister at the forthcoming trial.

Left to herself, or rather with only Jem, the deformed girl, in the room, but of whom she scarcely took the least notice or regarded in the light of a rational being, Florence scarcely bestowed a thought upon Moll and her errand, but began to speculate upon what she could do with the money in her possession.

She had been in want of money, greatly in want of it lately, and though she could but guess whence it came, she had no hesitation whatever in using it.

Thinking of what she would buy, for she had a full share of feminine vanity, she thrust the notes in her pocket, as her eye fell upon these—

cond packet.

Who could this be from, she wondered, with a start of fear.

The notes she could understand, but who could have sent this?

She examined the writing, the postmark. The first was unfamiliar, the second was only that of "Oldham."

It had been posted in the town.

By way of solving the difficulty, she opened it.

There was a small pasteboard box, filled with cotton wool, and in this reposed a ring with a tiny slip of paper attached to it.

On the paper were these words, "Take this and take me."

Nothing more.

The ring was simply of gold, worked and embossed with some strange Greek characters inside it, out of which she could make nothing, but it was made for wear and use rather than ornament, and thoughtlessly enough, she slipped it on the third finger of her left hand.

Even as she did so, a thrill almost of pain came over her.

Was it the memory of that ring she had sold on the night of her arrival in Oldham, or did keener or older memories still come over her?

Who can tell?

Once she tried to snatch the ring off again, but it was tight, and refused to leave the finger it clasped, and the girl, with a pale, set face, went into the next room, locked herself in, and we will hope, wept or prayed.

It was only a few minutes after, however, that she came out again to her dinner, but her face and manner were sadder and more subdued than usual. She ate little, and even before it was time to do so, started off for the mill.

All of which Jem, who had marked everything, noticed and stored away with many other odd scraps of information which would rather have startled some people could they have read it.

(To be continued.)

TO A RAIN-DROP.

Hail! jewel, pendent on the grassy blade,
Now dimly seen amid a transient shade,
Anon resplendent, like a bridal maid
Wed by the wind.
Thou tremblest at his kisses half-afraid,
And half-inclined!

How many hues of beauty charm thy face!
For there successive rays each other chase:
The ruby now, the sapphire next we trace;
The chrysolite
Supplants the emerald rich in vernal grace,
And dear to sight!

O fairy creature! whither hast thou come?
Was the Atlantic once thy stormy home?
Or didst thou through the mild Pacific roam
Mong coral isles,
And thence ascend to the ethereal dome
With saintly smiles?

Hast thou, in clouds of richest colours blended,
On rising suns and setting suns attended?
Or hast thou shone in bars of beauty splendid
I the Rainbow's robe?
Or hast thou in a misty chariot wended
Around our globe?

Alas thou answerest not, thou brilliant mute;
Thou shinest on in silence absolute;
The wanderings of thy restless silver foot
Thou canst not tell;
And soon thou shalt resume thy pilgrim's route,
Nor sigh farewell!

ALL A MISTAKE.

Walking along the principal quay of one of the northern seaports of France, about the end of the first week in June 1871, I was mentally employed in contrasting the aspect of the desolate-looking town with former recollections of its superabundant liveliness. Where now were the officers who used to assemble at the cafés, sitting in groups under the awnings, as, while watching the passers-by, they consumed their absinthe or vermouth? Where now the active-looking little soldiers who once swaggered about the streets as if the whole place belonged to them? Even the fishermen were few in number, and those who remained were chiefly grey-haired men, and boys as yet too young to serve in the army. Here—as everywhere else in unhappy France—the insatiable hand of War had drawn away the chief strength of the population.

The tradespeople, however, expressed no dissatisfaction; on the contrary. By their account the town had been full of refugees during the whole winter; in consequence of which money had circulated even more freely than in happier times.

It is, indeed, "an ill wind that blows nobody good." The poor exiles required fresh *chassures* quite as much here as in Paris; more indeed, for numbers were now forced to walk who had hitherto taken little exercise beyond their ride or drive in the Bois de Boulogne. Numbers, too, who had brought with them considerable sums of money, had been forced to leave behind them even the scanty luggage they had succeeded in bringing to the station; there all was thrown aside, and nothing allowed to pass but just so much as the distracted wayfarer could carry. What scenes were presented at the railway-stations leading out of Paris! Those who witnessed them will not easily lose the recollection. As a natural consequence, the different outposts, together with Brussels and other places where the exiles found a refuge, profited by their losses, and made an abundant harvest.

At the period alluded to, only three soldiers were visible on the quay. One of them, a young dragoon, who had evidently been severely wounded, limped slowly on his crutches, and was accompanied by an elderly woman in a snowy fan-shaped cap, apparently his mother. The two others, light-infantry men, had preceded me for some distance through the streets and down the quay without my having the remotest suspicion that they were other than their appearance indicated—young Frenchmen of the lower orders; but being now attracted by certain peculiarities, and overhearing some words which passed between them in English, I was induced to examine them more closely, and to follow them in the direction of the railway-station.

They appeared to be of about equal age, and were privates in the same regiment; but there all resemblance ceased. One was tall, and remarkably handsome, having dark grey eyes, with long black eyelashes, and wavy brown hair; while his companion was short, and only redeemed from ugliness by the whiteness of his teeth and his crisply-curling fair hair and beard. He was attired in the usual marching order, his feet encased in regulation shoes and gaiters; while his taller companion was wrapped in a loose regimental grey greatcoat; his red trousers, instead of being drawn in at the ankle, fitting admirably over well-made boots. He had no kit on his shoulders; but in his hand—delicately formed and slender, though brown from exposure—he carried a small carpet-bag.

I felt satisfied these were Englishmen. Who or what could they be? Though both were privates in the French army, it was evident that the social position of one was far superior to that of the other. At the railway-station I heard him address the officials in French of the purest accent, but did not overhear any of his conversation with his humbler associate; nor was it until nearly three months later that a strange com-

bination of circumstances—to which it is unnecessary here to advert—made me acquainted with the following history of the two young chasseurs.

Charles Hayward, the taller of the two young men, was the eldest son of a gentleman of old family but moderate fortune, who possessed an extensive, but not very profitable, estate in the wildest part of Westmoreland. Charles had been sent to Rugby, which he left with an excellent character, while his two younger brothers were still pursuing their studies at Rossall. George, the second son, was intended for the Church, and Sidney, who was little more than twelve years old, was shortly to be sent to Gosport, to undergo the necessary preparation for entering the navy.

Many discussions were held in the "home department" as to Charles's future profession. His mother—having an uncle on the Bench—strongly advocated the Bar; and the "Squire," who had always regretted not having himself received a college education, entered his son at Balliol, as the best possible preparation for keeping his terms at Lincoln's Inn. To Balliol accordingly he went, attended by a devoted follower and foster-brother, William Lewthwaite, whose mother, now holding a small farm on the Fells, had been "Master Charles's" nurse at the Hall.

Hayward was very popular at college; but his favorite companion was his cousin, Richard Clayton, the only son of his great-uncle the judge, and who from childhood had been a frequent and welcome visitor at the Hall. Clayton had been entered at Wadham about a year before his cousin came to Oxford; and being in a good set, his introductions were a great advantage to his more inexperienced relation.

At the end of Charles's second term, the two young men returned to Westmoreland together, in order to combine the happiness of home with the quiet and seclusion necessary for reading during the long vacation.

The Squire was not a demonstrative man; yet his sons both honored and loved him. Eminent-ly straightforward in his own conduct, he had early impressed upon his children a horror of falsehood, and they were thoroughly aware that he would pardon any fault more readily than deceit. Between him and his eldest son there existed complete sympathy; he was perfectly unreserved with him on the subject of his affairs; and Charles would have endured any privation rather than exceed the allowance made him by his father, which, though not very large, he knew to be liberal to the full extent of his means. Young, handsome, and with such fair prospects, it was not likely that Charles Hayward should have reached the age of two and twenty without becoming an object of attraction no more than one young lady. Some of them, no doubt, were very charming; but he had a strong safeguard in having very early formed an attachment for the daughter and only child of his father's most intimate friend, General Dalton, who nearly every summer brought his family to spend a few months at Bowness or Ambleside.

Edith Hayward—Charles's only sister—and Kate Dalton had been friends from infancy, and many a happy day had they spent together, rowing or sailing upon Windermere, dining on one of its lovely islands, or nutting upon Furness Fell.

Lady Mary Dalton was a delicate ailing woman, nervous and fanciful, devotedly fond of her husband and daughter, but kept in a chronic state of trepidation whenever the latter happened to be out on any of the lakes without her father, though, in fact, the General knew far less about managing boats than even little Sidney Hayward, who had been accustomed to them from infancy.

Lady Mary was the eldest daughter of the Earl of Sandrock. She, however, retained but a very faint recollection of her father, who died when little more than thirty years of age, leaving a widow with three young children, all girls, and was succeeded in the title by a cousin. Two years later Lady Sandrock bestowed her hand and large jointure upon a handsome and extravagant young officer of the name of Bryant, a captain in a regiment of dragoons.

This marriage was by no means a happy one. Captain Bryant spent every penny he could lay his hands on, and was neglectful, though not positively unkind either to his step-daughters or to his own children. Of the latter only one lived to grow up: this was a boy, born when his half-sister Lady Mary, was about sixteen years of age. Four years after this period, her marriage with Colonel Dalton rescued her from the discomforts of a most unhappy home, and her example was speedily followed by her two younger sisters; with these, however, we have nothing to do.

Lady Sandrock lived on for some years at a small seaport town in France; seldom visited by her husband, unless when his resources utterly failed, and he wished to extort money from her out of the small portion which remained in her own control—the interest, namely, of six thousand pounds. The only individual to whom these visits gave any satisfaction was his son Edward, who, even when quite a little fellow, thought no delight could equal that of marching up and down the pier, with a cigarette in his mouth, in company with his tall handsome father; or sitting beside him at the cafés, tasting his absinthe, and listening to stories that would have made Lady Sandrock's hair stand on end.

Notwithstanding the comparative rarity of these visits, they produced a most pernicious effect upon the boy's character and conduct. His mother's doating fondness prevented her from seeing his behavior in its worst light; and, dying before her darling arrived at man's

estate, she was spared the knowledge of much that must otherwise have proved inexpressibly painful. Shortly after her death, Captain Bryant ended his worthless career in a debtor's prison; and Edward would have found himself almost entirely destitute but for the generous kindness of his half-sisters, who not only gave up their share in their mother's small fortune, but also—with the full approbation of their husbands—contributed sufficient to purchase him a commission in a marching regiment.

General Dalton's kindness did not end here. Little aware of the evil habits that had already taken such deep root in the handsome and apparently open-hearted lad, he gave him a cordial welcome to his home, and took a strong interest in his future welfare. It was not until some months after he joined his regiment that rumors to his discredit reached the ears of his generous brother-in-law; and these, in the first instance, amounted to little more than charges of foolish extravagance. The young ensign was called to order, and the debts he had contracted—at least, so far as he avowed—paid more than once. But at length the General was shocked by receiving an account of sundry transactions, proved beyond a doubt, and of so discreditable a nature, that in bitter anger he cast the young man off for ever, and peremptorily commanded that his name should never again be mentioned in his presence.

Fearing the probable loss of his commission, Edward Bryant sold out in haste, and secured his money before the history of these delinquencies reached the ears of his colonel. Then, like the Prodigal, he gathered all together, and went into a far country, where he wasted all that remained of his substance in riotous living. Being at length reduced to utter penury, he was sent to England by the British Consul of the town where he had been living for some time past, and landed in London with but a few shillings and a threadbare suit of clothes that alone remained of his unnecessarily large "kit."

His case was a pitiable one; and not the less so, that it was entirely owing to his own misconduct. As night came on, he wandered past the club where he had held many a merry carouse, and at the door of which he now took sixpence for holding the horse of one of the members.

Meantime, he had written to his sister, Lady Mary, and the apparently deep penitence displayed in this letter strongly moved the poor lady's tender heart. She had always entertained a true affection for her young half-brother, and had ever been more ready to pity than to blame him. She would now have gladly appealed to her husband on his behalf, but the subject was interdicted, and she was too well acquainted with the determination of General Dalton's character, to venture on any infringement of these positive orders. She however, wrote to the unhappy man herself, and from time to time sent him money, her only confidante, under promise of the strictest secrecy, being her daughter Kate. Edward's entreaties for assistance became more frequent and urgent, as he found his sister give way to his demands, till at length she was forced to refuse any further aid; her own unpaid bills showing how greatly she had embarrassed herself in her efforts to serve him.

Meanwhile, poor Kate had in vain endeavored to gain her mother's permission to reveal the whole story to Charles Hayward. They had—with full permission of their parents—become engaged during the last vacation, and the marriage was to take place as soon as Charles should have completed his last term at Oxford. But Lady Mary could by no means be persuaded; she was, as we have remarked, of a peculiarly timid disposition, and utterly devoid of moral courage. She had an insurmountable dread of her husband's anger; and Kate loved her gentle mother too tenderly to disregard her tears and entreaties, though she bitterly deplored the enforced secrecy.

The last vacation drew near, and Charles's arrival was expected in a few days, accompanied as before by his cousin Richard—both crowned with honors, and the latter anticipating his appointment as attaché to a foreign embassy. Kate had for some time been looking forward to this period with mingled feelings of pleasure and anxiety; and dreading the acuteness of her friend Edith, she avoided meeting her whenever she fancied she could do so without exciting suspicion. A few days before the expiration of the term a letter was put into Lady Mary's hand by one of the village lads, who had watched the General's departure, in company with his daughter, for their usual afternoon ride. As may be supposed, this letter was from Edward Bryant, who had found his way into Westmoreland, determined to try whether, by the influence of his personal appearance, he could not extort more money from the kind sister whose willingness to aid him he persisted in doubting. Pale and trembling, sick at heart, Lady Mary met him in a retired part of the grounds, when a miserable scene ensued. Shocked at the spectacle of his degraded appearance, she once more gave him what little money she possessed, and promised to dispose of some trinkets if he would engage to leave her in peace for the future. This promise was given without much difficulty, and on Kate's return from her ride, this sad complication was imparted to her by her mother, who had retired to bed with a severe nervous attack.

During the five days that intervened before the money was received for Lady Mary's jewels, poor Kate was obliged to meet her unfortunate uncle more than once in the dusk of the summer evenings; and on the last occasion, when she brought him the promised sum, she re-

ceived his solemn assurance that they should never again have to suffer from his importunities. As will be seen by the sequel, he kept his word, though the evils caused by his unworthy conduct did not end here. Kate inquired, with womanly gentleness, into his hopes and plans for the future. Truly they were not very brilliant, but at all events they involved no disgrace. He was a tolerable German scholar, and had made up his mind to join the Prussian army as a volunteer, when, as he said, he might get knocked on the head, or gain some opportunity of distinguishing himself. Kate gave him many kind messages from her mother, who was still too unwell to leave the house, and she was in the act of taking leave of him, when, to her utter terror and confusion, she perceived Charles Hayward standing at a short distance from them, his face as pale as death, and with a countenance of mingled rage and despair.

"Leave me! go at once!" almost shrieked the unhappy girl to her unwelcome companion, and Edward, without losing a moment, dashed through the bushes, and disappeared with the utmost rapidity. Kate, faint with apprehension, turned towards the spot where she had seen Charles, but he was no longer there. She endeavored to call him, but the sound died upon her lips; and at length, with despair at her heart, she fled to her mother's room, and throwing her arms round her neck, sobbed out the whole miserable story.

Bitterly now did Lady Mary reproach herself for her cowardly conduct, and, to Kate's infinite relief, spent the next hour in writing a full confession to Charles, blaming herself in no measured terms, and dwelling strongly on the many entreaties that had been urged by Kate for permission to tell him all. As it was too late to send this letter before the morning, Kate retired to rest hoping for a happier day on the morrow.

To return to Charles Hayward, who had arrived at the Hall in the course of the afternoon, and whose earliest inquiries were respecting Kate.

"I have not seen her for more than a week," replied Edith, with a degree of embarrassment in her manner that escaped neither Charles nor Richard. Had there been any quarrel between them? No; but as Edith evidently shunned the subject, Charles determined to walk over immediately after dinner, and so set the matter at rest. It struck him now that Kate's letters had latterly differed in some measure from their usual tone. He could not exactly determine in what this difference consisted, but it certainly appeared to him that, though equally affectionate, they were less open than formerly.

As he approached the shrubbery, he clearly distinguished the sound of two persons speaking, and could not be mistaken in the tones of Kate's voice, which had so long been the sweetest music in his ear. A few seconds more, and he caught sight of her, as she stood in the soft twilight, holding by the hand a tall and apparently very handsome man, whom Charles felt convinced he had never seen before. This was not exactly the case, as they had once met many years back, when he was quite a boy; and as Edward's name was now never mentioned by any member of either family, all recollections of him had long slipped away.

Who can describe the bitter feelings that filled his heart when he turned away on hearing Kate's last words to her companion? He retreated mechanically, conscious only of a longing to get away from the spot where all his hopes had sunk for ever.

On approaching the house, he was met by his cousin, who was smoking a cigar, and looking out for his return.

"Dick!" he exclaimed in a broken voice, "It is all over! Ask me no questions, for at present I can tell you nothing. I must be away to-night, and you, dear old fellow, will break it to my father in the morning. No; do not attempt to dissuade me: I shall struggle to get over it in time, but I could not remain here now. Only keep my counsel for to-night, help me to get off, and I will write before long to let you know what I am doing."

Richard was not greatly surprised, for during the evening Edith had confided to him the fact that many singular reports had arisen with respect to poor Kate's conduct, adding that she herself had been more than once distressed by her unwonted pettishness when good-naturedly questioned on the subject.

Charles hastened to his room, and having summoned his attendant William, made hasty preparations for departure. Richard lent his assistance, rightly judging that immediate action—whatever the cause of his distress—would prove Charles's best safeguard. By two o'clock in the morning all was ready: Charles and William left the house, each with a knapsack on his shoulders. Richard accompanied them as far as the outer gate, where he took leave after one more unsuccessful effort to obtain his cousin's confidence, both with regard to the past and the future; and as he wrung Charles's hand, the last words uttered by the poor young fellow were,

"Good-bye, Dick; God bless you, old fellow! May you and Edith be happier than I am!"

Early the following morning Lady Mary's letter was brought to the Hall—too late, as we already know—and when it was shortly after returned, with the intelligence that the young Squire had left the house, and gone no one knew whither, the poor lady's self-condemnation knew no bounds. In the extremity of her distress, she made a full confession to the General, who generously owned (a hard thing

for a man of his disposition) that his own severity had been a primary cause of the evil. Richard was asked again and again if he could form no guess as to the whereabouts of the fugitive; but what clue could he give? Kate clung to Edith more closely than ever; but the poor child watched with the sickness of hope deferred for the intelligence that came not, yet which was each day expected. What little they knew was through the medium of William Lewthwaite's mother, who had twice heard from her son, first from London and then from Dover. He said in both letters that Master Charles was pretty well, but gave no intimation of their proposed movements. The promised letter to Richard was still delayed, and all, including the poor old Squire, began to lose heart. Thus many weeks, and even months, went by, without any of the weary watchers at home being able to communicate with the wanderer. During this period, however, Charles wrote both to his father and Richard, but gave no information as to his movements, or mentioned any prospect of his immediate return. The letters were both posted in London.

Autumn passed away, and the long dreary winter set in, bringing with it no comfort to our sorrowing friends.

Kate would have sunk utterly but for the sustaining hope that the truth must come to light before long. The letters, no doubt, were vague and unsatisfactory, but at all events they gave her the assurance that Charles was alive and well; and she never utterly lost the conviction that good would follow.

All this time Charles and his foster-brother were fighting in the ranks of the French army. Both had been slightly wounded more than once, and suffered frightful privations during the siege of Metz. In the sortie of the 7th of October Charles was severely wounded, and must have been left on the field but for William's gallantry and devotion. When the final surrender took place, on the 27th, the two young Englishmen, with the corps of chasseurs to which they belonged, were sent to Cologne, where William was kept at work on the fortifications; while Charles, who was still weak from his wounds, was appointed servant to the Baron St. Antoine, captain of his company. This generous and high-spirited young gentleman—an admirable exception to the degeneracy of so many among the French soldiery—had early discriminated the evident superiority of Charles over his devoted companion. He treated him as a friend, and gained his confidence. Then, when all were prisoners together, he chose him as his personal attendant, in order to secure for him those comforts which he would otherwise have found it impossible to obtain. They passed most of their time together. Charles perfected himself in the French language, and gave lessons in English to the Baron. They were also unwearied in alleviating the sufferings of the other French prisoners; St. Antoine, being possessed of considerable private resources, supplied them to the utmost of his ability with shoes and other articles of which they bitterly stood in need.

After the termination of the siege of Paris, and when the prisoners returned from Germany to France, Charles and William accompanied St. Antoine to his home in Brittany, where they received the utmost marks of hospitality and kindness, until the momentous fall of the Commune, when, taking leave of their generous entertainer, they made the best of their way to Paris.

A few days after that on which we first followed their footsteps to the railway-station, Charles and William had walked together to one of the villages within a short distance of Paris. William was employing all his eloquence to persuade his master to return home, and Charles was more than half inclined to give way, when they were startled by approaching shrieks and shouts, with many unearthly noises. The cause soon became apparent.

A party of the Garde Mobile were attacking a wretched-looking object dressed in a tattered Prussian uniform. Stones had evidently been thrown at him; his face was ghastly pale, and blood streamed from a deep wound in his head.

"A l'ennemi! A l'ennemi!" shouted the infuriated wretches, about eight or ten in number.

"A bas le Prussien!"

"Je suis Anglais!" screamed the miserable man. "Mercy! save me!"

Charles and William rushed instantly to the rescue, and with the help of one or two respectable-looking individuals, at length succeeded in getting the wounded man to a place of safety, where they procured the assistance of a doctor, who after a very short examination, assured them that the patient had not many hours to live.

The man having declared himself to be an Englishman, Charles in the kindest manner inquired if he could be of any use in conveying messages to friends in England; asking who he was, and whence he came. And now, who shall describe his astonishment on finding that this miserable sufferer was the half-brother of Lady Mary Dalton? On coming to a fuller explanation, Charles could no longer doubt that this must have been the very man whom he had surprised in company with Kate on the eventful evening when he left his home.

Edward had been left at Longwy in the last stage of consumption, when, tempted out by a gleam of sunshine, he fell into the hands of the Garde Mobile, who by their cruel treatment accelerated the end that was so rapidly approaching.

The poor fellow expressed the deepest contrition for his ill-spent life, and twelve hours

later expired in Charles's arms, sending his love and deep gratitude to the sister who had felt for him such true and untiring affection.

There is little more to add to this story. After seeing the last duties paid to poor Edward Bryant, truly thankful for having been the means of alleviating his final sufferings, Charles hastened back to England, and on arriving in London sent a telegram to his father announcing his immediate return. Needless is it to dwell on his self-reproaches for his hasty suspicions. All was now happiness and rejoicing; even poor Edward's death, with the assurance of his repentance, could not be esteemed a misfortune; and Charles had so much to tell, on subjects of so great and overpowering interest, that they soon almost ceased to regret his having left home, or to remember that it was "all a mistake."

(For the Favorite.)

THE TRIVET MYSTERY.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD,
OF PETERBORO', ONT.

Miss Crabbe's French window overlooked a trim garden in the rear of her pretty cottage in a well known suburb of Montreal, and further the untidy plot of ground divided from her domain by a low quick-set hedge and pertaining to the trim villa inhabited by her neighbor Mr. Trivet, his factotum Peter Pumps, and his household fairy, an unwashed old woman whose grimy influence pervaded, not only the household economy but extended to the garden and lawn, keeping them as untidy as her own venerable self. In the lawn, Towser, the canine guardian of the menage, was regaled with bones which lay bleaching amongst the rank grass in a manner horribly suggestive of ancient church yards, and where esculents should have flourished, tall and depressed looking shanghais stalked, scratching up the earth in search of food and occasionally uttering dismal clucks like ornithological lamentations, and which annoyed Miss Crabbe hugely.

As the cast-off shoes and hats of Mr. Trivet and Peter Pumps were invariably cast forth into the garden by Mrs. Grimes, it is to be confessed that it formed a very considerable eye-sore to order-loving Miss Crabbe whose pretty French-windowed little snugger had an uninterrupted view of the unpicturesque spot.

Had this been all, Miss Crabbe would in time have become resigned to the unlovely spectacle, but when one calm May evening, during her first quarter in her new abode, the cottage was shaken to its foundations by a severe shock accompanied by an ominous roar and a hideous and suffocating smoke and smell, the nerves of herself and the two elderly ladies engaged with her in the mysteries of Dummy Whist were so shaken that when Peter Pumps knocked at the door, "with Mr. Trivet's compliments and he hoped as the ladies weren't alarmed, seeing as it were only his chemicals as had blown up when he wasn't expectin' of it?" Miss Crabbe in a trembling voice made answer,

"That no doubt it was quite in keeping with Mr. Trivet's character to presume on her at present defenceless position, but when her nephew, Mr. George Tomkins, came home, he should be called to account for his dark and malignant conduct," which threat Peter Pumps delivered *verbatim* to Mr. Trivet, who during the short absence of his right-hand-man had forgotten the whole occurrence and was seated in the midst of the debris of glass and evil smells studying some of the ancient lore in which his soul delighted.

"It appeareth unto me, Peter Pumps," said Mr. Trivet, placing his long index finger, at present dyed a bright scarlet from its contact with the chemicals he had had in use, on the line from which he raised his eyes, "that the nomenclature of Tomkins hath at some period been familiar in mine ear. But if the aged maiden, who hath come to be our neighbor, thinketh that our spirits are so faint as to be affronted with the mere patronymic of the strong youth her nephew, I wot that she hath mistaken grievously; for we are not unvaliant men, Peter Pumps, and if the law of necessity should render extraneous aid needful to expel the youth, Mrs. Grimes, though past the zenith of her days, hath a muscular though unlovely arm. I will resume my studies, Peter Pumps, regardless of the denunciations of the neighboring maiden, until the hour of the evening meal."

As no more explosions occurred immediately Miss Crabbe settled down very comfortably in her new home. She trained a clematis vine over her favorite French window so as to exclude the view of Mr. Trivet's objectionable plot, and as the long hot days advanced the languid shanghais became such victims to heat and *ennui* that their vocalization fell into silence, and so ceased to annoy her.

Mrs. Grimes had put a surly stop to the friendly overtures made to her by Miss Crabbe's smart and gossip-loving maids Lucinda, Ann and Jennie, so either household remained in complete ignorance of the doings of the other. Mr. Trivet received no visitors, and gradually Miss Crabbe's well-regulated mind awoke to the fact that there must be something "not correct" about an old gentleman, who secluded himself from society and never cut his hair.

Then, too, the shutters of all the lower windows of his residence were kept rigidly

closed, and mysterious lights shone in the upper chambers far into the night.

Red and ominous glares as from the mouth of a furnace shot into the darkness, and slight detonating sounds were frequently audible. Miss Crabbe became uneasy and took to overlooking her neighbor's garden through a hole of espial in the clematis vine. The languid shanghais acquired an interest even from being the property of the mysterious Mr. Trivet, and it became a spectacle of keen excitement to Miss Crabbe when Peter Pumps issued forth into the yard to hunt down and slay one of the feathered bipeds to supply the table of his master.

"A sinister looking fellow!" she would say on these occasions, "really I wish George would come."

Gradually, she knew not by what process of reasoning, she became convinced that her neighbor was a coiner, and fearful visions of his ultimate discovery, and detectives searching her wardrobes under the impression that she was an accomplice, disturbed her nightly rest. Her suspicion became a fearful certainty, when one day Peter Pumps made his appearance at her door, and requested change of a shining new ten dollar gold piece, which change he stated was required to pay the vegetable-man.

"Man, man," said Miss Crabbe, "take your coin away, and don't try to involve an unprotected woman in your wicked plots. Take it back to your master and tell him that, tottering on the verge of the grave as he is, he ought to repent and not send to respectable females for change."

"As mad as a March hare she be," wound up Peter Pumps' relation of his interview with the mistress of Clematis Cottage, to which Mr. Trivet responded,

"Concerning the lunacy of our neighbor it would be unreasonable to doubt; but, Peter Pumps, various learned men have misjudged the lunacy of the hare, and I myself hold it but a conceit 'e averring of the fact. In the mean time inform the vendor of juicy herbs that he must tarry until the morrow as I have no small moneys about me to disburse at this present instant."

"Humph!" ejaculated Miss Crabbe, "what is that?"

It was the week following that on which Peter Pumps had endeavored to obtain change and failed, and a very unusual sound had made its way over from her neighbor's yard. To discover the cause of the effect, Miss Crabbe hastily rose from her solitary breakfast, approached the French window and peeped through the friendly vine into the unsightly spot. A very virtuous feeling indeed developed itself in her breast at the spectacle which presented itself to her gaze.

In a ragged dressing-gown, originally of a vivid crimson, but with a lofty disregard to the harmony of colors patched by Mrs. Grimes with large continents of yellow, stood Mr. Trivet, his face shining with pleasure, and on his arm fondly hung the most charming little Hebe that ever wore dimple in chin or the most distracting walking costume of the most enchanting Dolly Varden chintz that ever drove a bachelor demented—the Hebe, of course, not the chintz.

She was surveying her surroundings with the most delicious little ripples of giggles, and a dark suspicion instantly flapped on bat-like wings into Miss Crabbe's mind—"A female accomplice whom he has engaged to pass his spurious coin! This is really dreadful. How fortunate George is still away. It would be awful for him to be here just now. How remarkably well the creature is dressed. I'll have my new walking suit made in just that style. Oh, oh, this is dreadful!"

This last was wrung from her lips by the fact that Hebe flung her rosy arms round Mr. Trivet's neck and kissed him enthusiastically audibly terming him "the dearest old darling!"

Miss Crabbe, though she was left alone with her canaries, sacrificed to the proprieties by a faint shriek and a sudden collapse into her easy chair. She formed the Spartan resolution of not going near the window again lest her sight should be blasted by another vision of the "creature," and she didn't—for ten minutes, at the end of which time a second bustle overcame her resolution, and again peeping out, she saw Peter Pumps and a florid assistant of Celtic origin commencing to clear the yard or garden-plot, superintended by the "creature," in garden gloves, and a most exasperating hat tilted over her charming little nose, while Mrs. Grimes gazed in the background and the shanghais stalked rapidly about like feathered Dundrearies, roused from their customary *ennui* by the sweeping reforms in progress.

"I must confess," said Miss Crabbe, a month later, as she and her nephew sat at a *déjeûner* breakfast, "that after the creature's arrival things altered considerably for the better. As you may see, the garden"—with a wave of her white hand in that direction—"is already in tolerable order, and the lawn is quite presentable; but last night I witnessed a scene which, in point of fact, curdled my blood."

"And made your hair erect itself like quills upon the fretful porcupine," said George, his hazel eyes sparkling with fun.

Miss Crabbe regarded her nephew with dignity.

"If I am to be turned into a porcupine, why not a swine at once, Mr. Tompkins? And if by 'quills' you designate the ornament for which I own I am not indebted to nature, I have nothing more to add!"

George hastened to apologise; and Miss Crabbe continued:

"After you retired last night, as is my custom, I went round the house in order to see to the security of doors and windows, and while I stood in this very window looking out to the moonlight, I happened to glance into Mr. Trivet's garden, and you can imagine my horror when I observed, plainly discernible in the light of the full moon, two forms emerge from the house and make their way down the garden towards an acacia tree close to the hedge. Of course they were Mr. Trivet and that creature; and I felt a thrill of horror through every fibre as I perceived that while Mr. Trivet carried a spade, the young person bore a heavy bundle wrapped in some dark cloth in her arms, which, after some consultation with the wretched old man, her companion, she laid down under the acacia, and then, can you imagine what the minx said? 'I think, dear, we'd better see that the old lady next door is not on the prowl!' As if I were a cat! You may be sure I listened and watched carefully after that."

"The old creature approached the hedge and said—I heard every word, George—'The ancient maiden slumbereth in the arms of the drowsy god, and peradventure, had I the wings of an eagle I would soar to the window of her chamber and instruct myself by what quaint device she maketh the scant locks of age to emulate the glossy and abundant tresses which pertain unto youth.' I really felt ready to faint at the audacious idea. The minx laughed and said, 'Well, dear, as she is safe, come and dig the hole. It's getting chilly, and the heavy dew will spoil my new organdie.' She could think of dress at such a moment, George!"

"Mr. Trivet took up the spade and commenced to dig, but presently was obliged to pause and rest; and the girl, taking the spade from him, began to dig rapidly, remarking, 'We ought to have taken Peter Pumps into our confidence. We would have dug this hole in half the time, and you're not fit for such work, dear.'"

"Verily," replied the dark-minded confederate, 'Peter Pumps hath lived in my dwelling for five-and-thirty years, and I wot that he is a discreet and trusty youth; but when a man dealeth with the darker mysteries of nature and art, he would fain pursue his steps alone. Think you that what we are about to inter in the friendly earth will acquire what is held by those cunning in such matters to be a chief desideratum, by which I do mean the rich yellow hue which appertaineth to the precious metal, gold?'"

"Can there be any doubt after that that the wretched pair are coiners? I may be only a woman, but I am not quite a bat."

"Time will tell," replied the girl, "if our experiment is successful we can always make it without the intervention of third parties. There, I'll put it in, and you cover it carefully with the earth. Won't Mrs. Grimes sulk if we succeed for once in anything without her help? It's just jolly fun to think of how she'll look."

"That," replied Mr. Trivet, "to which, in the strange language of the present day thou givest a curious term, 'jolly fun,' is more like to prove a domestic tragedy, as the matron Grimes is a woman of an exceedingly wrathful spirit and warlike as the Amazons of old, but then, thou art also a courageous child; and I do notice that thy manifestations of spirit are not accompanied, as in my housekeeper, by the subtle perfume of fermented liquor, or a deepening in the tints of thy nasal organ; and a cool courage hath ever the advantage over that of hotter conditions. We will not fear man, nor Mrs. Grimes, who is a woman."

"I should think not," said that, that criminal creature, "but come in, or you'll have a fine cold to-morrow. There, we need not disturb it again for forty-eight hours."

"So instructs the tome in which I did discover the formula," said Mr. Trivet, and the confederates stole softly into the house, leaving everything in apparently the same order as before their entry into the garden."

"There, what do you think of that in a Christian land, and next door to Clematis Cottage?"

Miss Crabbe sank back in her dainty rocker exhausted by her long recital, and gazed at her nephew, who really looked mystified for a moment, but instantly a light seemed to strike him, and he said:

"Come, aunt, my sudden arrival upset your nerves, and you fell asleep and dreamt it all."

Miss Crabbe rose with freezing dignity.

"Mr. Tomkins," she said, "if I am your aunt, I cannot see that as any reason for the unfeeling manner in which you have received my communication. I may yet find means of proving to you that I am not yet sufficiently in my dotage to relate as facts the events of a dis-tempered dream."

George would have apologized again, but Miss Crabbe swept from the room, and George betook himself "up town," that retreat of men, married or single, when the domestic equinoxes are raging.

George Tomkins was roused from his sleep by a hand shaking him violently, and starting up in bed, he stared bewildered at his aunt, who still was dressed in a manner showing that she had not yet thought of retiring for the night.

Her face, in the moonlight, expressed serene triumph.

"Get up," she said, "and join me in the back drawing room. I am about to prove to you the nefarious character of those wretches next door. Dreaming, indeed! You shall see for yourself."

George lost no time in joining his aunt, and in less time than it takes to tell, he was peering with her through the clematis, through which, like wandering pearls, flakes of white moonlight fell into the room. He could not avoid feeling interested, and the strange glance he threw into Mr. Trivet's garden was full of curiosity.

"There is something going on there," he was forced to admit, after a close scrutiny of the scene.

In the brilliant moonlight Mr. Trivet was digging energetically, and beside him stood the young person muffled in a heavy shawl, her face partially turned away.

"I'll hide behind the hedge," said George, quickly, "and if there is anything wrong, we'll know how to act. What lovely hair!"

The shawl had slipped down, and the moonlight fell on hair like chains of gold.

Closely followed by his aunt, George stole into the garden, and they noiselessly took up a position behind the hedge, through which they could observe the position of the confederates, who were almost directly in front of them.

Mr. Trivet had just uncovered the mysterious bundle, which he lifted carefully from its resting place and laid on the ground at his feet.

"There lieth the fruit of our experiment," he said, wiping his streaming forehead with the fluttering tail of his dressing-gown. "I marvel much if the substance hath acquired the firmness promised by my tome."

"Let me open it, dear; I wish George Tomkins were here to enjoy the fun," bending down to examine the contents of the bundle at their feet.

At the sound of her voice, a voice as sweet, my good sir, as the whizz of Cupid's arrow, George started violently, and Miss Crabbe, forgetful of her dubious position, erected her tall form until she was perfectly visible over the hedge, and in a tone of intense acrimony, demanded,—

"May I ask, minx, what may you know of George Tomkins?"

With a start the girl sprang up and turned to the awful voice.

But over the hedge with a bound dashed George, crying out, "My darling Lilla," and with a fine scream the young person dashed into his arms.

Miss Crabbe looked so like a Gorgon at this spectacle that Mr. Trivet stood looking at her as though turned to stone, muttering:

"The ancient maiden hath espied out our adventure, and hath sent the strong youth, her nephew, to mock us. Would that Peter Pumps or even the matron Grimes were led hither by a ——— What do you say, niece Lilla?"

"This is George whom I told you I was engaged to nearly two years ago, uncle. He came back from Europe yesterday, and did not know I was staying in the city."

Lilla was blushing gloriously, and for that matter so was George.

"I remember the announcement, and do welcome the youth, notwithstanding that he is nearly akin to the unfriendly maiden who at present is surveying us over the hedge set as a boundary between our lands. Here is mine hand, George Tomkins."

"Don't take it!" shrieked Miss Crabbe; "he's a coiner, he's a murderer, he's a paricide. Search that nefarious bundle. Minx, let go his hand!"

"Oh, I'd forgotten the butter!" cried Lilla. "Uncle and I were experimentalizing, George, and we read that by burying butter in the earth for some time, one would have delightful fresh butter without any trouble."

To this day Miss Crabbe prefers salt butter. So ended the Trivet Mystery.

SNOW BOUND.

CHAPTER I.

About fifteen miles from Sioux City, Iowa there lived at the time of my story, a wealthy family named Eaton. They owned an elegant house surrounded by beautiful grounds, which had been improved and adorned with everything that wealth or art could suggest.

The family consisted of three persons, Mr. and Mrs. Eaton and their young daughter Alice. She was the child of their old age, and it was but natural that they should lavish upon their darling all the love of their two hearts which had been childless for so many years.

They secured for her as governess a young woman of high accomplishments, and of a respectable, though impoverished family.

Mary Seamore and her young charge soon became warm friends. Mary was usually sent to the city by Mrs. Eaton the first of every month, to make necessary purchases for the family, and as her taste was excellent, she never failed to please her employer.

Philip Stanley, who was a cousin of Mary's and held a responsible position on the estate, usually accompanied her to assist in conveying the articles home. Alice, if the weather was pleasant, was allowed to be one of the party, and her delight on such occasions knew no bounds.

It was a bright day in mid-winter; several inches of snow had fallen the night before. The sleighing was splendid; and as Philip drove around in front of the wide porch, Alice, who was standing by the deep window, gave a little cry of delight, and turning to her mamma, who

was seated in a cosy, cushioned chair exclaimed,—

"O mamma! do come to the window! See, Philip has brought papa's new sleigh around! Does it not look lovely? How the bells jingle. How warm and soft that great robe is. O mamma! dear mamma, cannot I go to the city to-day with Philip and Mary? Oh, please say I may, mamma?" And Alice, running up to her mother, threw her arms around her neck, and giving her a kiss said, "Now don't stop to think about it, but say I may go. Here comes Mary, I'll ask her."

The little girl flew to the door, and, drawing Mary in said,—

"Mary, please ask mamma to let me go to the city with you. It isn't very cold, and I will wrap up, oh! so nice and warm."

"Please, Mrs. Eaton," said Mary, "I will take the best of care of Miss Alice. The day is so pleasant I don't think she can take cold, and we will be home before dark."

"And, mamma, then I could select the silk for my dress," put in Alice.

"Well, well! little one, run and get ready. Wear your fur cloak; and Mary, tell Jane to have some bricks ready for her feet."

Alice had almost flown up stairs at the first words of assent. In a few moments she came down equipped for the ride.

As she said good-bye, she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her several times, then springing lightly down the steps, she ran to the sleigh. Philip gave the lines a shake and the spirited horses dashed away.

Mrs. Eaton watched the party until they had passed out of sight, and then, sighing involuntarily, she turned into the house.

Ah, poor mother! you little thought when you lost sight of your darling, of the days of hopeless anguish which would come to you before you would ever see that sweet face again.

About two hours after the trio left the mansion, they drove up and stopped at one of the principal hotels in Sioux City. The obsequious proprietor stepped up to the sleigh and carefully lifted Alice out, inquiring at the same time, after her father's health.

They were shown to a cosy little parlor, where, in a few moments, a tempting luncheon was placed before them. After partaking of it, they were soon ready for their shopping expedition.

They were detained longer than they expected, and it was four o'clock ere they started on their return home.

During the afternoon the sky became clouded, and snow began to fall. As the day deepened, the storm increased in its fury. Our friends had travelled perhaps half of their journey, when they found to their terror that they had missed the road. Night was coming on, and they could not see six feet ahead of them. They knew not in what direction to turn. Still they kept on and on, in the hope of finding shelter somewhere from the blinding storm. The poor horses by this time were almost exhausted drawing the sleigh through the deep snow. It was now dark. They gave themselves up to the dreadful thought of perishing on that snow-covered prairie, and perhaps lying there under that white mantle until spring opened, for well they knew that a storm like the present one, in Iowa, came but to herald the approach of others.

The terror-stricken party tried to comfort each other, but each knew in his heart, how frail was the hope that they would ever reach their once happy home alive.

The faithful Mary wept and prayed over Alice. Her distress was heart-rending, when she allowed herself to think of the grief and despair of Mr. and Mrs. Eaton. Of the sorrow that would come to that happy household.

Little Alice was crying with cold, and Philip, seeing how badly she looked, took off his heavy overcoat, and wrapping it around her said,—

"There, little pet, don't cry. Philip will make you warm."

They drove on some time in silence, when suddenly Philip stopped the poor, tired horses, and turning to Mary said,—

"It's no use, Mary. We can't keep the life in us much longer. The storm is increasing, and we shall soon freeze to death."

"Oh! what shall we do, Philip? I am afraid Miss Alice is almost frozen now. Oh, my God! to think that we should cause her death, when I would willingly lay down my life for her. O Philip! Philip! She must not die. Think of her father and mother. She is their pride and joy. Oh! it will surely kill them! We must save her!" And the poor girl wrung her hands, while the bitter tears coursed down her pale, cold cheeks.

"We will try just one more chance for our lives, and if that fails, then Heaven help us," said Philip.

He assisted Mary from the sleigh, then spreading the robe upon the snow, lifted the almost insensible Alice out, and placed her upon it. Wading through the deep snow until he reached the horses' heads, he patted them, and talking to them in low tones, commenced to loosen them from the sleigh. As soon as they were free he turned to Mary and said,—

"Perhaps their instinct will guide them home, and if they live to get there, some one will surely see them, and they will soon know that we are in danger, and perhaps we shall yet be saved."

While speaking, Philip was quietly but quickly emptying the straw from the bottom of the sleigh on to the snow, then calling Mary to assist him, turned the sleigh upside down over the straw, thus making quite a little nest that was protected from the snow. Lifting Alice, he

gently laid her under the strange roof. Mary crept in, followed by Philip, who spread the warm robe carefully around them, and tucking it in tight around the sides so that the snow could not drift in he said,—

"Well, Mary, I think we can keep quite comfortable for to-night, and early in the morning I will start out and try and find some house, you and Alice remaining here until I can bring help. It isn't as large a house as I would wish, for we cannot sit up straight, but I guess we will have to put up with it to-night."

"I'm dreadful hungry," said Alice. "Didn't you buy some crackers and confectionery for mamma, Mary?"

"Yes, I bought some, little knowing then to what use they would be put."

"Well, I've got my bonbons, so let's have a little supper."

Mary fumbled around until she found the parcels, and tearing them open, she handed some crackers to her two companions. They could not sleep, for there was no room to lie down, so they told stories and talked and tried to comfort each other through the long hours of that wretched night.

Philip, fortunately, had several matches with him, and every few hours he would strike off one to enable him to see the time. At last the little watch pointed the hour of seven, and Philip, creeping out of the warm straw, forced his way through until he stood above the snow. Calling to the two waiting girls he said,—

"The storm is still raging, and the snow is four feet deep. If I started now I should get lost, for I can see nothing, and then I fear you would never be found."

"You will do what is best, I know, Philip," answered Mary.

They were obliged to remain there that whole day and night. Alice had behaved like a little heroine although suffering from hunger. They had been without food since the morning of Wednesday—excepting the few crackers and candies which they so providentially purchased in the city—and it was now Friday.

Early in the morning Philip the second time started for help. As he bade them good-bye, the tears rolled down his cheeks, for the thought would come that he was leaving them perhaps to die.

"Good-bye, Mary," he said. "I leave you and Alice in God's hands. I will return if He so wills it. Good-by! good-by!"

Philip found it slow work, yet he toiled manfully a'long. The snow was very deep, and after plodding along for many hours he was completely exhausted. Several times he had fallen, too much overcome to proceed, and almost fainting from hunger. Then the thoughts of those he had left, and of their fate, should he fail, urged him onward.

The sky had cleared, and the bright sun shone upon the vast expanse of snow which covered the prairie as far as the eye could reach. Not a tree or shrub was there to break the monotony of the scene. All was grandly, sublimely beautiful. It was late in the afternoon that our hero saw a huge pile of snow, some distance ahead of him. Praying that it might prove to be a house, he moves his feeble limbs again and totters on. A short distance from the coveted goal he falls. He tries to rise, but the overtaxed body refuses to obey. He cannot move. He is fast becoming insensible, when bark! he hears the barking of a dog. He aroused himself from his stupor, and throws his whole remaining strength into one loud, sharp cry for help, and sinks into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Eaton was unusually busy after Alice had left her, yet she found time to miss the bright young face and the sparkling laughter of her sweet child. When the snow began falling in the afternoon she was somewhat alarmed in regard to Alice's safety, but Mr. Eaton quieted her fears by saying—

"It is very likely they are almost home, so don't worry, dear. A little snow won't hurt them."

As the storm increased, and the wind became almost a hurricane, even Mr. Eaton was frightened. And when the little bronzed clock on the marble mantel struck the hour of eight, they could not conceal their fears. Suddenly Mr. Eaton said,—

"Why, dear, how very foolish we are. Of course the storm came on before they had completed their shopping, and they, fearing to venture out on their return, concluded to spend the night at the 'National.' Rest assured, my dear wife, that such is the case. They will be home all right by ten to-morrow, and laugh at our fears."

This remark satisfied Mrs. Eaton, and they spent a happy evening together, the lady sewing, and her husband reading aloud.

Notwithstanding the predictions of Mr. Eaton, twelve o'clock of the morrow came, then two and three, and still no Alice. As they entered the dining hall for their four o'clock dinner, one of the servants, calling Mr. Eaton aside, said,—

"Indeed, sir, I am very much afraid something has happened to Philip, Mary and Miss Alice. The horses just came home with their harness on, but without the sleigh. They look as if they had travelled many miles, and the moment they reached the stable they fell down, and we cannot move them."

Mrs. Eaton, seeing how her husband's face had paled, walked to where he was standing, and laying her hand on his arm said,—

"Tell me, Felix, what is it. Where is Alice? Tell me, I pray of you. Don't torture me. Oh, I will be so calm, only give me my darling!"

"My dear wife, God alone knows where she is. There has been an accident of some kind, for the horses are home, and alone. Be strong and brave, dear wife, and help me to bear this trouble."

After Mr. Eaton had spoken these words to his wife, he turned to the man who was waiting, and said—

"John, hasten and have the strongest horses saddled, send Peter to Dupont's, Craig's and Miller's, and do you ride to Conner's, Evans' and Rawley's. Tell them to send men to join me in searching for the lost ones. Then hurry back, and prepare yourself to accompany me."

As soon as the man had departed, Mr. Eaton placed his arm gently around his wife, and said,—

"Courage, darling, it may not be as bad as we think. I think you had better attend to having some blankets heated and extra rooms warmed, for by giving yourself employment your mind will be diverted." And giving her a warm kiss, he passed out of the room.

In less than an hour a dozen strong, determined men began the search for the missing party. All through that long night they toiled bravely on. They examined carefully the road from Mr. Eaton's to the city, but without success.

Mr. Eaton's first inquiry on arriving in the city, was at the National Hotel. He was here told by the proprietor that the party of which he was in search had left the city on their return home at four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day on which they had arrived. This was all that could be learned of the unfortunate trio. The search was continued through the next day but to no avail.

CHAPTER III.

Philip Stanley's agonized cry for help was heard. Providence had indeed guided him to a house, which was owned and occupied by a worthy family named Rood.

The farmer's son was in the yard performing the necessary duties for the night, when his attention was arrested by a cry for help. Looking in the direction from whence the sound came, he saw a man fall heavily forward. In a moment he was by his side. Mr. Rood, hearing his son's cry of alarm, hastened to assist him, and together they bore their unconscious burthen into the house. Restoratives were immediately applied, but it was several hours before he was sufficiently recovered to explain to the wondering family the cause of his appearance so far from home, for Mr. Rood was well acquainted with Philip's master.

At day-break he, with Mr. Rood and his son, prepared to start on the return search for the missing ones. They provided themselves with trusty horses, and a large sleigh, and also with wines, and a few substantial, for they rightly judged that they would be sorely needed.

They followed Philip's tracks for several hours, and at last reached what the strangers supposed to be a large drift, but which really was the snow covered sleigh. They soon succeeded in freeing the imprisoned girls, and after placing them in the sleigh and carefully wrapping them with blankets, righted the temporary shelter, and fastening it to the rear of the sleigh driven by Mr. Rood, proceeded on their journey homeward. On reaching the good farmer's they were taken charge of by the motherly housewife, and treated with great kindness.

As soon as the loss ones were found and cared for, a messenger was dispatched to the mourning family, to acquaint them with the happy news. The parents immediately prepared to hasten to their darling, and ere many hours she was clasped to their now happy hearts.

Philip and Mary were munificently rewarded by their generous employers, and heartily commended for the kindness they had shown to their darling child.

LIGHT READING.

The perusal of an occasional good novel is not calculated to injure the mind or morals of any student who judiciously alternates study with desultory reading. The principle of sound habits of reading, if reduced to a precise rule, comes out thus: that for each hour of light reading—of what we read for amusement—we ought to take another hour of reading for instruction or improvement. Nor have I any objection to stating the same rule backwards. For that is a poor rule that will not work both ways. It is, I think, true that for every hour we give to grave reading, it is well to give a corresponding hour to what is light and amusing. A great deal is possible under this rule. Some of the best students in the world—who have advanced its affairs farthest in their particular lines—have not, in practice, studied more than two hours a day. Walter Scott, except when he was goaded to death, did not work more. Dr. Bowditch translated the great "*Mécanique Céleste*" in less than two hours daily labor. But then it was regular as the movement of the planets it described. It did not stop, for whim or by accident, more than Jupiter stops in the orbit because a holiday comes round. Students, profit by these hints, and regulate your hours of toil and recreation with judgment. It will pay in the end.

Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., has been unanimously elected a member of the British Medical Association.

THE FRESHET.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Secure from harm among the hills,
We watched the flooded river flow,
Fed by a hundred shouting rills
And gorges heaped with melting snow.
We marked the debris of the flood,
The wreck of many a farm and hall—
Haystacks and fences, ricks of wood,
And fragments torn from roof and wall.

At times a hen-coop downward surged,
With hapless chicks as castaways;
At times a cottage, half submerged,
Went nodding down the water-ways;
A barn door eddied through the fog,
And near it, in the refuse fouled,
A poor forlorn Newfoundland dog
Tugged at his kennel chain and howled.

We drew our boat upon the shore,
And feared to dare the turbid tide,
Until above the freshet's roar
The women of our party cried,
"A baby in its crib afloat!
See—by that black and tossing beam!"
Without a word, we launched our boat,
And headed for the central stream.

'Twas doubtful which would stronger prove,
The running wave or struggling oar,
But still with might and main we strove,
Watched by the women on the shore.
A feeble cry, a wailing sent
Above the shipwrecked cradle's side,
Renewed us to our utmost bent,
And still we fought the rushing tide.

We reached the little voyager
Just as his raft to piecemeal went,
And happier shouts there never were
Than those which o'er the stream we sent.
We wrapped him warm, and shoreward steered,
We strove to still his plaintive cries;
And when he crowed, we laughed and cheered,
And bore him to the shore a prize.

That was for us a day of days,
Though many a neighbor lost his all,
For "Willie Waif" around us plays,
The life and light of hut and hall.
Orphaned, he hath a hundred sires,
In every cot a mother good;
We love him by our autumn fires,
But mostly when the stream's aflood.
With spring-tide thaw of gorge and hill,
And all the waters are at strife,
We clasp him closer, closer still,
And bless the chance that saved his life.

FACTS ABOUT FIGURES.

Most nations have, more or less perfectly followed a decimal system. Nature seems to have taught her children almost instinctively to count with their fingers. Hence it has been taught by some that the very word finger is connected with the root of five, and digit with ten. In counting on the fingers, it may be observed that some people are in the habit of using both hands, others only one. The one method contains the root of the denary scale; the other of the far less common and less convenient quinary. There are a few traces to be found of the third natural scale,—the vinary, derived from the number of fingers and toes taken together. If any nation ever did follow out the vinary system, we may be sure that their toes were more agile than ours are wont to be, not cramped and deformed by wearing boots. Results of treating twenty as a base are seen in the English expression "a score," and the French "quatre-vingt." It is very remarkable that, though every nation of the civilized world has more or less, whether in ancient or modern times, adopted ten as its standard, not one in forming its numerals has been perfectly consistent. Especially have most languages a difficulty in getting over eleven and twelve without a sacrifice of consistency. Whether eleven means one-ten, or one-left-over, it is clear that we have gone to a different root for the first syllable. And both these numerals are formed on a different plan to thirteen, &c. The French are far less symmetrical. From eleven to sixteen, they are content to hint at the element ten by the termination *ze*. Then they transpose, and proceed with the ten first. Twenty to sixty are pretty much on one model; but seventy changes, and eighty is vinary. However, septante is quite a common provincialism, and I believe octante has been found. The Spanish *diezy seis* (sixteen) interrupts our numeral sooner than the French; *setenta* and *ochenta* are regular. The plan of the German numeral is so nearly that of the English, that only one remark need be made. If Bopp is right, the English *-ty* in twenty, &c., is not ten, but a Sanscrit suffix. In that case we are nearer to the original Aryan than are the Germans in *zwan-zig*. I make the remark with extreme diffidence, but, as a true-born Briton, eagerly grasp at any and every sign that our language, even in its Teutonic element, is not a mere derivative of the German. Turning to the Latin numerals, we find eleven and twelve formed with almost perfect regularity; only *undecim* is formed from the root of *unus*, *duodecim* by joining the ordinary form of the second numeral to the modified termination

decim. All goes smooth to seventeen; then we have a new form, *duodeviginti*; eighteen is *undeviginti*. It is remarkable that this hardly differs from the Sanscrit, *anavinsati*. The Greeks form eleven and twelve on a different pattern to thirteen, &c., omitting the conjunction in the one case, inserting it in the other. Their thirteen is compounded, rather absurdly, with the adverb, *thrice* and *ten*. Their eighteen and nineteen accord with ours rather, and differ from the Sanscrit and Latin pattern. Their twenty and thirty have a different termination. One more language I will refer to. In Turkish there is a trace of the quinary scale. One to five are monosyllables; six to nine, dissyllables and compounds. For the rest they follow the denary scale learnt from the Arabs. Eleven and twelve are perfectly regular, and so on to twenty. Here another remnant of quinary influence. Twenty to fifty are words having no connection with the simple numerals, but sixty to ninety are modified from six, &c., to nine. Something of the same kind has been observed, I believe, in the numerals of certain South Sea Islanders, perhaps not only disconnected with similarity of origin. Max Muller, if I mistake not, counts these languages akin to the Turanian stock, of which Turkish is the usual example, though surely many Turkish forms approach very closely to inflection.—*Once a Week*.

FATTENING YOUNG WOMEN.

Throughout the interior of Africa, and, indeed, in some parts of Asia, a woman is prized for fatness. Beauty is associated with excessive obesity; and such being public sentiment, mothers seasonably commence a system of dietetic treatment that makes their daughters irresistible. Colonel Keating gives an account of the process of fattening young women for a Tunis market. As soon as betrothed, she is cooped up in a small room, with gold shackles on her ankles. If her proprietor has lost a wife by death, or divorced one, their anklets are sent forward for the new matrimonial candidate. When she has attained a desirable size, indicated by filling the pattern rings, she is carried in triumph to her new home.

The preparations of food that actually produces the coveted dimension—mountain of fatness—is called draught, made of the seed of a vegetable peculiar to the country. Some positively die from excessive fatness in an effort to surpass in that bewitching accomplishment rival candidates for matrimonial positions. These famous mortals are not the poor girls. They are the highest orders of society, and therefore are ambitious, like fashionables in some civilized States, of securing an elevated position with a rich husband. Bruce, the traveler, saw a great queen in Africa—a gem of a woman, the envy of her sex and wife hunters—who weighed over four hundred pounds.

Can science explain the actions of those seeds philosophically.

MOTHER GOOSE NOT A MYTH.

W. L. Stone writes from New York to the *Providence Journal* :—

In the January number of the *Brunonian* appears a well-written and interesting paper entitled "Mother Goose's Melodies." In the first paragraph is the sentence: "Here the traditional bard is Mother Goose, of whom nothing certain is known. But more than the name history does not reveal." In this statement, however, the writer is in error; for so far from "Mother Goose" being a creature of fancy, she was, we beg to assure him, a veritable personage.

The mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet, the editor, in 1731, of the Boston *Weekly Rehearsal*, was none other than the original Mother Goose—the Mother Goose of the world-famous melodies. Mother Goose belonged to a wealthy family in Boston, where her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married by Cotton Mather, in 1715, to Fleet, and in due time gave birth to a son. Like most mothers-in-law in our own day, the importance of Mrs. Goose increased with the appearance of her grandchild, and poor Mr. Fleet, half-distracted with her endless nursery ditties, finding all other means fail, tried what ridicule could effect, and actually printed a book with the title, "Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children, printed by T. Fleet, at his printing house, Pudding Lane, Boston. Price, ten coppers."

Mother Goose was the mother of nineteen children, and hence we may easily trace the origin of that famous classic :—

"There was an old woman who lived in her shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know
what to do."

A good story relating to Lord Selborne has been going the rounds of the Bar. A few days ago a favourite parrot of his lordship made its escape into a garden, and perched itself on a high tree. Great was the consternation of the servants when they found that they could not induce the truant bird to return. At length the escape was made known to the Lord Chancellor, who at once went into the garden and placed himself in view of the parrot. Polly instantly alighted on his lordship's shoulder, and, looking him in the face, said in its gentlest tones—"Let us pray!"

ST. AGNES' DAY AT HOME.

This is St. Agnes' Day. Do you know what that is? No? Well, then, St. Agnes, like Mary, always had a "little lamb," and on the 18th of January two little lambs are blessed by the pope in honor of St. Agnes. They were very beautiful. Two little white lambs, without spot or blemish, and washed perfectly clean, were brought into the church of St. Agnes on cushions, then placed on the altar, and after the ceremony of high mass were blessed by the bishop, after which they were sent to the pope for his blessing. Their legs were tied together, with red ribbons, and their bodies decorated with the monogram of St. Agnes (S. A.), also in red ribbon. One of them remained very quiet, but the other did not seem to relish the smoke of the incense and struggled hard to escape, but the ribbons were too strong for him. They were brought in by full-robed priests, and after the blessing were taken in a carriage to the Vatican to receive the pope's benediction. They were then sent to the convent to be reared by the nuns of Agnes until next summer, when their fleeces will be taken off and placed in a vase over St. Peter's chair until the wool is sanctified, after which it is used in some part of the pontifical robes. As this takes place every year, there is, of course, more wool than the pope needs. The balance is sent to the bishops and others throughout the world on whom the pope wishes to bestow some special mark of favor. After shearing, the lambs are served up as chops for the pope's table.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

EVERYBODY who sifts doesn't find the jewel.

MEN magnify trifles till they are frightened at them.

RELIGION on the tongue and self in the heart is the way of the world.

LET the kingdom of self be well governed before you talk about a republic.

TRUTHS lie scattered broadcast through the ages, waiting willing eyes to see them.

TREACHERY is the most unpardonable of crimes; it saps all the foundations of society.

EXPERIENCE is the pocket-compass that few think of consulting till they have lost their way.

SUCCESS is not as hard to bear as failure; yet many men show their best qualities in times of defeat, and are incomprehensibly mean in prosperity.

NATIONS which encourage spying will ere long be enslaved. Espionage is an antidote which, in the end, is found to be worse than the disease.

WRITE your name with kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

NOTHING more effectually convicts the conceited man of the vanity of his pretensions than to be ill for a month, and then observe how perfectly well the world gets on without him.

SUNLIGHT is an element of cheerfulness. Let it into the sick chamber. Often put the patient into the sun-bath—the direct rays—and note the good effect. Remember the plants in the dark become sickly.

TO BE a master builder, your materials must be good, the foundation securely laid, and the superstructure duly proportioned; then the future will affirm your knowledge to have been accurate and your judgment sound.

CONCEIT is usually seen during our first investigations after knowledge; but time and accurate research teach us that not only is our comprehension limited, but knowledge itself is so imperfect as not to warrant vanity.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold on us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

A PERSON may be exceedingly agreeable at home, and not be at all so abroad; but many a pleasant, bantering, twittering creature, who makes music away from home, is dull and shorn of her winsome ways at home. The best manners to cultivate are those which make home the most attractive.

NEVER lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a way-side sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of loveliness; and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

A WELL-ORGANIZED man or woman cannot live long and happily without congenial employment; and so it is of importance that young men and women should find out early what they can do best, and then prepare themselves to do it. Most of our happiness comes from work done in the spirit of love; most of our unhappiness comes from work done in the spirit of hate.

FAMILY MATTERS.

CHEAP SPONGE-CAKE PUDDING.—Soak three penny sponge-cakes in a little milk, and mix them with the juice and grated peel of half a lemon, a piece of butter, a very little loaf sugar, and one egg. Beat all together, and bake half an hour in a quick oven.

BEEF LIVER FOR GRAVY.—The liver must be first hung up to drain; after that, salt it well and leave it twenty-four hours in a dish. Then hang it up to drain, and when it has ceased dripping, hang it in a dry place for use. It is excellent for gravy to cutlets and all made dishes.

VEAL OLIVES.—Cut some moderately thin slices of fillet of veal, or sirloin of beef, spread a layer of forcemeat over, roll up very tightly, and brush with egg and bread crumbs, then fry a deep brown; afterwards stew gently in a rich gravy, and serve in the same. This will be found a most excellent dish, if the directions are precisely followed.

BAKED HADDOCK.—Thoroughly clean and dry the haddock, fill the inside with veal stuffing, sew it up, and curl the tail into its mouth. Brush it over with egg, and strew bread-crumbs over it. Set it in a warm oven to take about half an hour, but if a Dublin Bay haddock it will require double that time. Serve it on a dish without a napkin, with anchovy or melted butter.

TO CLEAN MERINO.—Grate two or three large potatoes; add to them a pint of cold water; let them stand for a short time, and pour off the liquor clear, when it will be fit for use. Lay the merino on a flat surface, and apply the liquid with a clean sponge, till the dirt is completely extracted; dip each piece into a pailful of clean water, and hang it up to dry without wringing. Iron whilst damp, on the wrong side. It will then appear almost equal to new.

LIP SALVE.—Take two ounces of oil of sweet almonds, half an ounce of white wax, and half an ounce of rosewater; set a mortar in a vessel containing boiling water, and put in the wax; cut into very small pieces into the mortar. When the wax has melted, take it out of the mortar, and add the oil by degrees, beating with the pestle until it is cool; then mix the rosewater with the mass. If it is desired to be colored, rub up a little carmine with the oil before mixing it with the wax.

GUM STARCH.—Pound two ounces of fine white gum arabic to powder; put it into a jug, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of tenacity required; cover the jug, and let it remain for the night. On the following morning, pour the liquid carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of this, stirred into a pint of starch which has been made in the usual manner, will give to shirt fronts, wristbands, collars, &c., a fine gloss which not only enhances their appearance, but tends to preserve them for a longer period than ordinarily.

A BEEF STEW.—Cut away all the skin and fat from two or three pounds of the rump of beef, and divide it into pieces about two or three inches square; put it into a stewpan, and pour on it a quart of broth; then let it boil, and sprinkle in pepper and salt to taste; when it has boiled very gently, or simmered two hours, shred finely the peel of a large lemon, and add it to the gravy; in twenty minutes pour in a flavoring, composed of two spoonfuls of Harvey's sauce, the juice of the lemon, one spoonful of flour, and a little ketchup. Add at pleasure a glass of sherry, a quarter of an hour after flavoring it, and serve.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CEMENT OF CHALK AND SOLUBLE GLASS.—If fine chalk be well stirred in soluble glass, a cement may be produced, which will harden in the course of six or eight hours. The addition of powdered sulphur of antimony will give rise to a black mass, susceptible of a high polish, and capable of receiving a fine lustre. Fine iron-dust gives a grey-black mass of great hardness. Zinc castings can, it is said, be readily repaired by a paste of soluble glass and zinc dust.

IMPROVEMENT IN PUDDLING IRON.—According to *The Journal of the Franklin Institute*, a successful experiment has been made in Germany in the direction of improving the qualities of pig iron, by puddling in contact with a small percentage of fluorspar. The object of this is to remove the phosphorus of the iron, to which its objectionable qualities are due; and the result, it is said, has been to produce a fibrous bar iron, not at all cold-short, although the pig iron employed was of poor quality, in consequence of containing a large proportion of phosphorus.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL.—Sheffield, it is said, is about to give to the world a greater benefactor than Watts. The price of coal has been one of the great questions of the hour, and the probable exhaustion of the coal-fields has made those interested in posterity very uncomfortable. Now we are to get a substitute, and one, too, of which there is an unlimited supply. If air, as is proposed, can be used as fuel, neither colliers, nor coalowners, nor railway companies will have us at their mercy, and our tempers will, as a matter of course, be much improved. Mr. Wright's invention for warming and light-

ing is already patented. In passing through a charged battery atmospheric air is carbonized, and thus combustible air is produced, which burns brighter than coal gas, and when mixed with air has a heating power which can melt copper wire. The price of the gas would be 6d. for every 1,000 cubic feet, but as the consumption is more rapid the actual cost would be 9d. Should this idea be brought into successful operation, the world will be a much happier place to live in, and Mr. Wright will no doubt be made a baronet.

PRESERVATION OF HAIRS FOR THE HATTER.—A method of treating animal hair for the uses of the hatter, which has been kept secret for a long time, is now known to consist in the application of a solution of the nitrate of mercury for the purpose of preventing the putrefaction of the fibre. This substance, however, is known to be very deleterious both to the health of the workmen and to the implements of the trade; and, quite recently, carbolic acid or creosote has been used to great advantage as a substitute. This has the property not only of preserving the animal matter, but of causing the hairs to contract, thus rendering them more apt to felt. The subsequent treatment of the fibre is according to the usual process, and the carbolic acid (or the carbolates, if preferred) may be added to the oleaginous or astringent elements used by hatters.

AIR-GUNS.—Probably the most perfect air-guns in the world are those made in London for the use of British poachers. As they make no smoke, and consequently no smell, they are not so easily detected as firearms when used in game preserves. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that they make no noise. When charged so as to produce the effects above described, the report is quite sharp—fully as sharp as that produced by gunpowder. When lightly charged, the report is of course diminished; but the force with which the bullet is projected is also proportionally lessened, and so is the recoil. As a weapon for secret assassination, therefore, the air-gun does not possess much advantage over a good rifle-cane. Few persons are, however, aware of the slight charge of powder or air that is necessary to produce a fatal wound at short distances. Experience teaches us that a bullet that will go through a half-inch board will kill a man if it strikes him in a vital and not too well-protected part. Now, a bullet can be projected from a rifle with a force sufficient to pierce such a board at twelve paces by means of a charge of powder not greater than that which will lie on a silver three-cent piece; and provided the charge be ignited quietly, as by a pill-lock, the noise of the explosion will not attract the attention of persons who are sixty yards distant. The small pistols in common use make very little noise except when discharged in confined places; and yet if the ball should strike a vital part, death may be caused instantaneously by a wound from them. The only advantages possessed by the air-gun are its perfect cleanliness and the fact that the parts are not liable to be corroded and rusted. It never requires cleaning, but the labor of charging the condenser may be fairly offset against the labor involved in cleaning ordinary firearms after they have been used.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

POTATO scholars confess that the potato rot can no more be avoided by preventives than the ague.

PIECES of potash dropped in the holes and runs of rats and moles will, it is asserted, effect among these rodents a speedy change of base.

GYPSUM ON CLOVER.—As a rule it is best to sow plaster on clover when it is about three or four inches high, which, over a large part of our territory, is near the 1st of May. It is then presented to the plant at the time when it can be most readily and rapidly utilized.

TO KILL CURRANT WORMS.—I give the following cheap and simple remedy that I have used for three years with perfect success: Take a few lumps of common quick-lime, pour on it a little water, just sufficient so that when slaked it will be a dry powder. When the worm appears, which will always be on the under part of the bush first, pepper them with this powder. It will kill them without fail, and will not injure the bushes in the least. If more worms should appear, which will very likely be the case, repeat the operation. This remedy has the merit of being effective, cheap, and within the reach of all. Lime for this purpose can be prepared at any time and can be used when wanted.

ARRESTING DECAY IN POTATOES.—Various plans for arresting decay in potatoes after digging have from time to time been made public, such as dusting with quicklime, gypsum, charcoal dust, etc. Prof. Church of Cirencester, Eng., the eminent agricultural chemist, announces that sulphate of lime appears to exercise a very remarkable influence in arresting the spread of decay in potatoes affected by the potato disease. In one experiment the salt was dusted over some tubers, partially decayed from this cause, as they were being stowed away. Some months afterward the potatoes were found to have suffered no further injury. A similar trial with powdered lime proved to be much less effective.

FILTH BREEDS FLIES.—Judge Hugh T. Brooks says that flies, bred by filth and putrefaction, scavenger beetles, larvae of gnats, dragon flies, and ephemera, remove filth, cleanse stagnant

water, and save mankind from malaria and death. Without their agency, vast districts would be depopulated. Flies and mosquitoes do not come unless they are needed. He suggests to fretting housewives, that if they can induce their recreant husbands to scrape the barnyards in early Spring, and allow no subsequent accumulations of the stable, bury every dead carcass of chicken or of mouse, make frequent application of dried earth to privy and to sink holes, thoroughly drain all marshy places—get the men to do this, and they themselves secure well their indoor eatables, and send to the garden miscellaneous slops, that they will think better of Providence and the flies.

REGARDING PAINTED ROOFS.—For every improvement there is an unreasonable objector, and here is one who declares that unless paint is applied to both sides of shingles it is worse than useless. On the contrary, a painted roof presents a smooth waterproof surface to the rain, from which it so quickly glides that there is no time for it to be absorbed by the under surface, if that were accessible. But the water can never reach the under side; a proof that it does not is extant in a roof that was covered with pine shingles in 1805, when a good coat of linseed oil and Venetian red was given to it, and 20 years later another of black paint. That roof is still good, while those whom it then sheltered, where are they? But black paint is not the best. It absorbs the sun's heat, but a light-colored roof reflects it, and is itself cool. Light-colored paint is also more durable. When economy is the sole object, coal tar is the very best coating that can be given to a roof; but it will discolor and flavor the water that falls on it for five years after it is applied.

TOP-DRESSING ASPARAGUS BED.—Has anybody ever seen land too rich for asparagus? I never have, and, although my beds are annually top-dressed with richest manure to be had, this treatment only provokes a more healthy and vigorous growth. The more rank the young stems, the better; consequently, we force this plant to the utmost extent without fear of injury. If I lived on the rich, Western prairies, I would try and ascertain the limit in size to which Giant Asparagus could be grown. Asparagus is such a delicious and healthy vegetable, coming in just at the right time in Spring, to meet a keen appetite for rich succulents, it is strange that every family does not have a full supply. If a man has a poor soil, and manure worth two to five dollars per load, it costs something to raise asparagus; but out in the country, far away from the worn soils of long-settled regions, there is no good reason why every land-owner should not have an abundance of this vegetable. Ten cents worth of seed will produce plants enough to supply any family; and when a good plantation is once formed, it is a fixture for a lifetime, provided it receives proper care.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE Danube salmon sometimes reaches the weight of one hundred pounds.

THE product of the gold mines of Nova Scotia during the last twelve years is estimated at \$18,960,000. The product last year was \$288,000.

THE REV. THOMAS JACKSON, who died a short time since near London, was the oldest Wesleyan minister in Great Britain, and was called the father of modern Methodism.

CONNECTICUT contributes to the enlightenment of Japan by sending her seven hundred cases of Yankee clocks. No ground for excuse now if the Japanese are behind time.

MR. CHARLES KNIGHT, the eminent author and publisher, recently deceased, had his epitaph written by Douglas Jerrold. It was brief, facetious, and complimentary: "Good Knight."

THE supply of quicksilver in California is unequal to the demand, and the price has advanced. The product of the Quicksilver Mining Company's mine last year was 18,572 flasks of 7½ lbs. each, which sold for \$937,886, gold.

LEONARD UNCAS, a grandson of the celebrated Indian chief, and the last of his name, died a few days since in Willimantic, Connecticut, aged seventy. He had resided there most of his life, was a notable hunter and fisher, and a hard-working man.

THE United States imported from Great Britain during the first two months of this year 69,963 tons of railroad bars; during the same period last year 141,561 tons. The great strike in South Wales was the main cause of the falling off in this year's imports.

BARNARD DAVIS is the investigating Englishman who for some years has lavished his time in weighing the brains of different races. He finds that the English brain averages 47.50 ounces, the French 42.58, the German 42.83. He has never got at an American.

WE have never much favored corporal punishment in schools, but whether the substitute adopted by a Wisconsin teacher is desirable is a little doubtful. When a pupil is disobedient, idle, or refractory, he administers to the delinquent a dose of castor oil. The only result of this treatment of which we have report is a pun, strangely and fearfully execrable, made by the editor of the local newspaper. He says such treatment ought to render the scholars "dose-ile." He evidently needs a quart or so himself.

A VERY Daniel of a judge dwells in Memphis. He came to judgment the other day in a case

about a goose. This graceful fowl fell into the river, and it was rescued by a man and brother who claimed salvage from its owner, an Italian. The latter wouldn't pay it, and produced a persuasive pistol, whereupon the colored person marched off with the goose, and got a warrant for assault. Then did the goose's owner swear out an answering warrant for the goose. The judge, perplexed, fined both of them, and kept the goose himself. The sad Italian grumbled, whereat this wise young judge observed that he needn't ask any more questions, for he would get no answer.

NOTED OLD MEN OF EUROPE.—President Thiers, the vigorous ruler of France, was seventy-six years old on the sixteenth day of April last. He comes of a long-lived race, and promises to hold out for several years yet. The Emperor William, of Germany, is twenty-five days older than President Thiers, and is full of life and energy. These illustrious personages may be classed among the noted old men of Europe; but when we come to the old man, the Count de Waldeck, we have one who is old enough to be the father of them both. This remarkable man is alleged to have been born on the 16th of March, 1766, over three years before Napoleon was born, and is therefore now in his 108th year. He is actively engaged in Paris, in various enterprises, and is reported to have laid his plans for several years ahead, with as much assurance of living to complete them as though he were only in middle age. It may be that one so old gets into the habit of feeling that he is immortal.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

FIZZICAL WEAKNESS.—Love of champagne.

WHAT chin is it that is never shaved?—An urchin.

WHEN is water most liable to escape?—When it is only half tide.

WHEN does a farmer work a miracle?—When he turns a horse to grass.

THE season is approaching when drinking men as well as drowning men will catch at straws.

WHAT is the difference between bayonets and bullets?—Bayonets are driven, but bullets are lead.

A DOG with two tails was seen in Taunton the other day. One belonged to an ox, and was carried in the dog's mouth.

ANTICIPATING the death of Brigham Young, a Louisville merchant wants the contract to supply his family with crape and bombazine.

QUERY.—Is there any reason why the name "lap-dog" should be monopolised by any particular breed? Don't they all drink that way?

A NEBRASKA conductor, when he finds a man on his train without any money to pay for his ride, punches three holes in his hat, and "passes him along."

THERE are trees so tall in Missouri that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them. One looks till he gets tired, and another commences where he left off.

THE man who said he could do all the business he wanted without advertising has been compelled to advertise at last. The new advertisement is headed "Sheriff's Sale."

A DANBURY man was explaining to his wife Sunday morning how his mother used to cook pancakes, when she interrupted him with the batter pitcher. He is now experimenting with a new kind of salve.

A GOOD REASON, TOO.—Lucy: "Mamma, Charlie says he would like to be a clergyman!" —Mamma: "Tell me, dear, why you would like to be a clergyman?" —Charlie: "Why, because then I could talk as much as I like in church!"

FERGUSON says he always gets mad when he goes along a street about nine o'clock at night, and passing a shaded porch where a young man is bidding his beloved a good-night, hears the girl exclaim, in a loud whisper, "Oh, stop, George! you haven't shaved."

PATIENTS AND PAY.—"Prevention," said a sanitary reformer, "is better than cure." The medical man to whom this observation was addressed smiled, and replied, "That may be all very true in theory, but the reverse is what we always find to be the case in practice."

A DEALER in second-hand articles having a buggy to dispose of, hung out a card inscribed, "Buggy! For Sale!" Unluckily he hung the card on a second-hand bedstead, and soon had a jeering crowd around his door, discussing the probable number and size of the insects infesting that article of furniture.

THE owner of a tenement house informed his tenants the other day that he was going to raise their rent all round, whereupon they held a meeting and passed a resolution of thanks to the landlord for "promising to raise their rent, as the times were hard, and they feared that without his assistance it could not be raised at all."

OF late Mrs. Partington has been very quiet, but she has got round again to the following effect: "A few days since she entered the office of the Probate Judge (called 'Civilian') and inquired in her blindest tone: 'Are you the civil villain?' 'Do you wish to insult me, madam?' said the Judge. 'Yes,' replied the amiable old lady; 'my brother died detested, and left three mislaid children, and I'm to be their execut-

tioner; so I want to insult the civil villain about it.'"

AT Dumfries recently a young woman, evidently "from the country," was seen standing with a very perplexed air at one of the pillar letter-boxes. She was observed to knock several times on the top of the iron pillar, and, obtaining no response, she passed round to the opposite side, and, raising the cover of the slit in which the letters are placed, applied her mouth to the aperture, and called out (or in), "Can ye let me hae a postage stamp, if ye please?"

Bunsen read somewhere that the Chinese tell the time of day by examining the pupil of a cat's eye, and he began to carry a cat around with him in his over-coat pocket, with the intention to yank her out by the tail whenever he desired to ascertain the hour. But he carries a watch now. Apart from the fact that the cat used to yowl and spit and charge around in an uncomfortable manner in his pocket, the first time Bunsen dragged her out to examine her eyes she clawed furrows an inch deep in his face, and carried on so generally, that he thought it better to drop her and hunt up a place where they sold arnica, plaster and salve.

THE UNDERTAKER.—There is a woman in Washington who has buried five husbands. Recently she married a sixth. Upon the day of the wedding a man called at the house of the groom, asked for that gentleman, and then proceeded to measure his body with a tape line. The infatuated groom entertained an idea that this might, perhaps, be a man sent round by his tailor. After the ceremony in church, however, the husband was surprised to observe the same person standing in the vestibule and winking furiously at the bride as the party came out to the carriages. Just as they were starting off the mysterious being put his head into the carriage window, and whispered to the bride,—

"Got a ready-made one that'll just suit him! Beautiful fit—beautiful!"

When the happy man demanded the name of the intruder, the bride blushed, and said she believed he was some kind of an undertaker. Then the man was not so happy. He was hardly happy at all, and a certain gloom seemed to overcast the honeymoon. Perhaps the undertaker was too prompt. But still, we like to see a man take an interest in his business.

OUR PUZZLER.

70. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

If you this riddle wish to know,
Primals and finals downward read,
And they will then two poets show
Of English birth, but long since dead.

1. A prophet named in Holy Writ,
Both wise and good, as you will see.
2. A lady fair, who oft did sit
And watch her lover through the sea.
3. A conqueror of courage rare,
One named in ancient story.
4. An animal, when cook'd with care,
You'd like to see 't before ye.
5. An Eastern King who led his hosts
Against the Israelites of old.
6. A flower, a ruby tint that boasts,
But nought of fragrance doth it hold.
7. An Eastern Queen who saved her kin
From slaughter dire and pillage vile.
8. In Shakspeare's play see this man win
His lady with a pleasant smile.
9. In this fair place see beauties rise;
A very earthly paradise.

71. ANAGRAMS.

1. Wisdom will glean a treat. 2. V did visit negro land. 3. A nice star is won. 4. As I sketch real Earls. 5. Red chiefled Greek organ. 6. I row a Tar, slept him in canal. 7. Drink on man, build Barges. 8. Piers rest not on herbs.

72. SQUARE WORDS.

1. A volcano; to make a mistake; a denomination; a reception, transposed; a serpent.
2. A poet; a kind of fruit; distances; an occurrence; props.
3. Thoughts in sleep; a bird, transposed; an occurrence; a girl's name; companions.

73. LOGOGRIPH.

Complete, I am a precious gem,
Both glittering and white;
Cut off my head, and then I bring
A title into sight.

Curtail me, and you will perceive
I am possessed by all;
Change my first letter, it was I
That caused proud France's fall.

Cut off my tail, another grant,
I am of sickly hue,
And when you change my head again,
A vessel meets your view.

My middle letter change, and I
Am useful though I'm small;
Again, though I'm so absurd,
I'm relished by you all.

THE MODEL CHURCH.

Well, wife, I found the model church! I worshipped there to-day!
It made me think of good old times, before my hair was grey;
The meetin' house was fixed up more than they were years ago.
But then I felt when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor;
He must have been a Christian, for he led me through
The long aisle of that crowded church, to find a place and pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin'; it had the old-time ring,
The preacher said with a trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing!"
The tune was Coronation, and the music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all the harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir,
And sang as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some shipwrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port, forever from the storm.

The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said;
I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read;
He hadn't time to read it, for the lightening of his eye.
Went flashing 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery; 'twas simple gospel truth;
It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth;
'Twas full of consolation, for weary hearts that bleed;
'Twas full of invitations to Christ, and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous, in Gentiles and in Jews;
He shot the golden sentences down in the finest pews,
And—though I can't see very well—I saw the falling tear
That told me hell was someways off, and heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled, within that holy place;
How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face;
Again I longed for that sweet time, when friend shall meet with friend,
"Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end."

I hope to meet that minister—that congregation too—
In the dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's blue;
I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening grey,
The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory be won;
The shinin' goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run;
O'er the river we are nearing they are throngin' to the shore,
To shout our safe arrival, where the weary weep no more.

THE FAITHFUL GUEST.

There was something—I forget what—to take grandfather and grandmother away from home one day in October of the year I lived with them in Burn's Hollow. It may have been a funeral or some religious meeting, for they both drove off dressed in their best, in the gig, with old Ajax harnessed to it, and after I had tucked in grandma's iron gray silk skirt and ran back to the house for grandpa's spectacles, and had seen the gig vanish in the distance, I felt lonely; Burn's Hollow was a lonely place at all times; and the handsome rambling mansion, which might have sheltered a regiment, had a ghostly air about it when one walked through the upper rooms alone.

There were but two servants in the kitchen, Hannah Oakes and the Irish lad, Anthony. I heard them laughing merrily together, for though Hannah was an old woman, she was full of fun

and in five minutes the door opened and Hannah came with the tray.

"Please miss," said she, as she set it down, "may I run over to Mapleton to-night? My sister's daughter had a boy last night they say, and I want to see it nat'rally—it's the first I've ever had of grandniece or nephew?"

"Who brought the news?" I asked.
"Anthony, miss," said Hannah. "He met George—that's my niece's husband—when he was out after the cow, straying as she always is, and told him to tell Hannah 'she's a grand aunt.'"

"You may go," I said, "but don't stay late. Grandpa and grandma may be away all night, and I feel nervous. To be sure there is an Anthony, but I never rely on him. Be certain not to stay late." I repeated this injunction with a sort of fright stealing over me—a presentiment of evil, I might say—and something prompted me to add, "Be back by nine." Why I cannot say; but I felt as if by nine, I should be in some peculiar danger.



"I WON'T GO TO BED."

Hannah promised, and after doing all that I required went away, and I heard her heavy shoes on the garden walk, outside.

Early as it was, I had dropped the curtains and lighted the wax candles on the mantle, and I sat long over my tea, finding a certain companionship in it, as women of all ages will.

I sat thus a long time, and was startled from my reverie by a rap at the door—a timid sort of rap—so that I knew at once that it was not a member of the house nor an intimate friend. I waited, expecting Anthony to answer the door, but finding he did not, went to it myself.

It had grown quite dark, and the moon rose late that night. At first I could only make out a crouching figure at the bottom of the porch. But when I spoke it advanced, and by the light of the hall lamp I saw a black man. I had always had a sort of fear of a negro, and instinctively shrunk away, but as I did so, he spoke in a husky whisper: "This is Massa Morton's, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied, "but grandfather is out."

I retreated as he advanced.

"Please miss," he said, "Judge B. sent me here. He said massa 'ud help me on. Let me stay here a night, miss. I's trabbled five days since I left him. I's awful hungry, 'pears like I'd drop, and ole massa's arter me. For the lub of heaben, miss, let me hide somewhere, and gib me jes' a crust. Massa Morton 'ud help me up. Missus will, I know."

I knew that grandfather had given succor to some of those poor wretches before; but I felt that I might be doing wrong by admitting a stranger in his absence.

Caution and pity struggled within me. At

last I said: "You have a note from the Judge I suppose sir?"

"I had some writtin' on a paper," said the man, "but I's lost it, de night it rained so. Ah! miss, I's telling the truff—Judge sent me, sure as I's a sinner. I's being helped along so far, and 'pears like I must get to Canady. Can't go back noways. Wife's dare, and the young uns. Got clear a year ago. Miss, I'll pray for you every day of my life if you'll just be so good to me. Tank you, miss."

For somehow when he spoke of wife and children, I had stepped back and let him in.

It was the back hall door to which the rap had come, and the kitchen was close at hand. I let him thither. When I saw how worn he was, how wretched, how his eyes glistened, and how under his rough blue shirt his heart beat so that you could count the pulses, I forgot my caution. I brought out cold meat and bread, drew a mug of cider, and spread them on the table. The negro ate, and I left him to find

Reading, I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell. I was awakened by a low sound like the prying of a chisel.

At first it mixed with my dream so completely that I took no heed of it, but at last I understood that some one was at work upon the lock of the door.

I sat perfectly motionless, the blood curdling in my veins, and still chip, chip, chip, went the terrible little instrument, until at last I knew whence the sound came.

Back of the sitting-room was grandpa's study. There, in a great old fashioned chest, were stored the family silver, grandma's jewelry, and sundry sums of money and valuable papers. The safe itself stood in a closet recess, and at the closet the thief was now at work.

The thief—ah, without doubt, the negro I had fed and sheltered.

Perhaps the next act would be to murder me if I listened. The storm was still raging; but though the road was lonely, better than this house with such horrible company. I couldn't save my grandfather's property, but I could save my own life.

I crept across the room and into the hall and to the door. There, softly as I could, I unfastened the bars and bolts, but, alas! one was above my reach. I waited and listened. Then I moved a hall chair to the spot and climbed upon it. In doing so I struck my shoulder against the door frame.

It was a slight noise, but at that moment the chip of the chisel stopped, I heard a gliding foot, and horror of horrors, a man came from the study, sprang towards me, and clutched me with both hands, holding my arms as in a vice, while he hissed in my ear:

"You'd tell, would you? You call help? You might better have slept, you had; for you see you've got to pay for waking. I'd rather have let a chick like you off; but you know me now, and I can't let you live."

I stared in his face with horror, mingled with an awful surprise; for now that it was close to me I saw, not the negro, but our own hired man, Anthony—Anthony, whom I had supposed to be miles away with Hannah. He was little more than a youth, and I had given him many a present, and had always treated him well.

I pleaded with him kindly.

"Anthony, I never did you any harm; I am young; I am a girl. Don't kill me, Anthony. Take the money, don't kill me, for poor grandma's sake."

"You'll tell on me," said Anthony, doggedly, "Likely I'd be caught. No, I have got to kill you."

As he spoke he took his hands from my shoulders and clutched my throat fiercely.

I had time to utter one suffocating shriek; then I was strangling, dying, with sparks in my eyes, and a sound of roaring waters in my ears, and then—what had sprung upon my assassin, with the swift silence of a leopard? What had clutched me from him, and stood over him with something glittering above his head? The mist cleared away—the blurred mist that had gathered over my eyes; as sight returned I saw the negro with his foot upon Anthony's breast.

The fugitive whom I had housed and fed had saved my life.

Then ten minutes after—ten minutes in which but for that poor slave's presence I would have been hurried out of life—the rattle of wheels and the tardy feet of old Ajax were heard without, and my grandparents were with me.

It is needless to say that we were not ungrateful to our preserver; needless, also to tell Anthony's punishment.

It came out during his trial that he had long contemplated the robbery; that the absence of my grandparents appearing to afford an opportunity, he had decoyed Hannah away with a lie, and hid in the study. He knew nothing of the negro's presence in the house, and being naturally superstitious, had actually fancied my protector a creature from the outer world, and submitted without a struggle.

Long ago—so we heard—the slave, a slave no longer, met his wife and children beyond danger; and now that the bonds are broken for all in a free land, doubtless his fears are over and he sits beside his humble Canadian hearth when even-tide comes.

The ladies are coming in for some of the good things. Mrs. Carey, sister of Senator Stewart, has been appointed postmistress at her native town in Ohio, with a salary of \$2,200. She presided over the household of Senator Stewart during the absence of his family in Europe, and is a very charming and estimable lady—and widow.

A Western paper gives the history of a young woman who has for several years past successfully cultivated a farm of 120 acres. In 1868 she was attending a young ladies' seminary; but her father died, leaving a farm encumbered with debt, with only her feeble mother to oversee the hired help. The daughter left her school, and with the assistance of her little brother, ten or twelve years old, commenced farming. She dresses in a gymnastic suit, with broad-brimmed hat, gloves, and boots; but she has learned to do most kinds of work, and has been successful in her harvests. She chiefly cultivates corn and wheat, though several acres are devoted to grass, and her young orchard has borne a good deal of fruit, which she herself has taken to market.

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